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The Week

SENATOR BORAH has exhibited his usual courage and insight in insisting that if President Harding does intervene in Europe he intervene on behalf of a genuine remedy rather than on behalf of some temporary palliative. We indicate on another page our own conception of the conditions to which an adequate remedy should conform (they are essentially the same as Mr. Borah's), but it is extremely improbable that the proposals of the administration will dig down to the roots of the difficulty. The chances are that the French government is not ready as yet to evacuate the Rhineland and to abandon its sanctions under the Treaty even though it secured in return a substantial sum in cash and an entire remission of its foreign debt. The administration would find itself subjected to an almost irresistible influence to accept something less, and it would almost certainly yield, if by yielding it could obtain the credit of a superficial triumph. Neither the President nor his Secretary of State, although they have understood the undesirability of making the United States responsible for the execution of the Treaty, have ever understood the impossibility of expecting anything but chaos from the attempt to write into the public law of Europe such a combination of violence and injustice. They had a wonderful opportunity in the spring of 1921 to discredit the Treaty of Versailles, but they used their influence in favor of the London Agreement which embodied all the poisons and vices of the Treaty. It is Germany's necessarily feeble, half-hearted and insincere effort to carry out that agreement which has ruined her without benefiting any of her creditors.

THE proceedings looking toward the impeachment of Attorney General Daugherty have been thoroughly discredited by Representative Keller's petulance in refusing to continue the presentation of his charges unless the committee would permit him to read a statement denouncing its partisanship. What good such a statement would have done we cannot imagine. That the committee was thoroughly partisan is clear from the dispatches. The testimony of former Attorney General Wickersham demonstrating the unfitness of W. J. Burns to be head of the Bureau of Investigation was pretty much neutralized by the contentious attitude of members. We read in the Times: "The committee wrangled long during Mr. Wickersham's testimony as, indeed, it did all day." The climax came when Chairman Volstead, in a personal statement, cast doubt on the good faith of the complainants, and anticipated the decision against them. Apparently Mr. Keller, like the rest of us, was prepared for an orderly whitewashing party, but objected to having the pail of whitewash prematurely thrown in his face.

THE Lausanne Conference is the most perfect example of dramatic irony as yet put on the records of diplomacy. The French have sold their historic position of defenders of the Catholics in the Levant for the mess of Syrian pottage. The English are raising one clean hand for the protection of Christian minorities and trying to conceal

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the other, stained with the oil of Mosul and the blood of Mesopotamia. The United States is making the usual clamor about extraterritoriality for its missionaries and the open door for its trade, all in the name of humanity, while it continues to deport refugees who have reached its shores. The Turks are standing by the Fourteen Points, including freedom of the seas which is the only name for freedom of the straits. It is the Wits' Misery and the World's Madness.

AMONG those heard in opposition to the confirmation of Pierce Butler to the Supreme Court, most certainly should be the American Association of University Professors. In the years of the persecution of teachers of wisdom and courage who tried to tell the truth about the Allies, Germany, Russia or the war profiteers no one showed greater prejudice, malice and violence against such individuals as fell under his power than Pierce Butler. If the American Professors in their corporate capacity have the self-assertion which we grant even to dormice, they will protest against the elevation to supreme judicial position of this colleague of Arthur Guy Empey in the practice of the motto, Treat 'em rough. It may be said that Mr. Butler's behavior as regent of the University of Minnesota has no bearing on his fitness to be a Justice of the Supreme Court. On the contrary, the mere fact that Mr. Butler proved himself unworthy of the society of gentlemen is a sufficient reason to oppose his membership in that distinguished company, quite apart from the question of his judicial temperament. The Association of Professors is in a favorable position to point out to the Senate the functional uselessness of learning in some situations, when its possessor is a purblind sycophant and a cowardly bully.

IF the subsidy bill fails of enactment, as it probably will, it will be largely on account of a new sensitiveness to public opinion on the part of the leaders of the Republican party. Enough votes could probably be mustered under the party spur to jam the bill through. But the public is aroused as it has never been before to the indecency of putting through contentious measures by the votes of lame ducks. The subsidy bill is worse than a contentious measure. It is one that was as definitely repudiated by the voters as any measure can be under our system. For the leaders of the Republican party to rely on the letter of their constitutional position and pass the measure nevertheless would be to present the enemies of the party with one of the best talking points they ever had. We are quite certain they will not do it. And in a way we regret it. Nothing could happen that would more forcibly impress the public with the necessity of a constitutional amendment abbreviating the period between the elections and the transfer of legislative power to the new Congress.

THE failure of the Baltic disarmament conference has been ascribed by the press to a multitude of causes, none of them the really crucial one. Russia was willing to cut her army drastically provided that Poland and the other Baltic states cut their armies proportionately. She was willing to refer all disputes, with the exception of certain minor territorial questions, to arbitration. Poland was very desirous of promoting the settlement of disputes by peaceful means. But she would not accept the proportional army reduction. She would not do it because she could not and still keep her engagements with France. The precise terms of the Franco-Polish military convention are not known to us. But it is a safe inference that they require Poland to maintain an army sufficient to be a distinct menace to Germany if any troublesome stirrings should arise in that quarter. Poland cannot afford to maintain a large army. It does her no good, for however large an army she has, Russia will have a larger one. And the military competition with Russia is a distinct menace to peace. But peace is not the object of the French system of military convention.

SOME weeks ago the New Republic called attention to the injustice of the action of the Methodist Conference of Nebraska in retiring the Rev. J. D. M. Buckner merely because of a difference of opinion as to the orthodoxy of his published beliefs. Since then the religious press has actively discussed the case, and the action of Bishop Stuntz and the Nebraska Conference has been explained, defended and attacked. The substantial truth of the indictment, drawn by the Rev. Mr. Buckner against his judges, remains unimpeached, and in only one respect did the defenders of the Bishop convict the article which appeared in the New Republic of not being entirely fair. Its title, Methodism vs. Intellectual Honesty, did imply that Bishop Stuntz and the Nebraska Conference represented the whole Methodist Church; and this implication went too far. But we trust that those Methodists who protest against the attribution of responsibility for the action of the Nebraska Conference to the whole Methodist Church will do what they can to have the Church pass upon the action of the Conference. The General Conference of the Church does not meet until May 1, 1924, but when

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it does meet, it has full power to review any act of a state conference and to reverse or annul it. When the next General Conference assembles, it should expressly relieve the Methodist Church from any share of responsibility for the act of the Nebraska Conference. This is the only way of dealing with the issue which will cure the injustice done to Mr. Buckner.

PROBABLY the most effective and unanswerable comment passed upon Mr. Buckner's retirement is that written by Professor Robert W. Rogers of Drew Theological Seminary. After exonerating Mr. Buckner of any considerable heterodoxy, he ends by saying: "I am sorry about Bishop Stuntz and the Nebraska Conference. They have together done us a great disservice. I am sorry also for Mr. Buckner and his wife. They are sorely wounded. . . . But sad as the case is, let us be patient—as Mr. Buckner is setting us the example. If we, who think his views are much like our own, are patient, we shall win through with them, if they are true. . . . The Church will survive us all, and let us hope that it may tomorrow have wiser servants than Bishop Stuntz and the Nebraska Conference." This is good advice. The Reverend Mr. Buckner and his supporters should be patient, but they should also be insistent that the injustice be remedied, and even their patience might have some limits if the Methodist Church at its next general convocation does not repudiate Bishop Stuntz.

THERE is a sardonic humor in the Turkish proposal that the Christian minorities in Turkey be accorded only the protection of the League of Nations, like the national minorities in Rumania, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia. The signatories of the Treaty of Versailles were less interested in the protection of minorities than in any other part of the treaty. They consigned the duty of looking after the rights of the minorities to the League of Nations, but the means at the disposal of the League are very slender. The League has done its best, but the expropriation and expulsion of undesired minorities has not been greatly hampered. In commending the Christian minority to such protection as the League might give the Turks placed a disagreeable alternative before the powers. Either the Christian minorities would have to go virtually unprotected, or the League would have to be placed in a position in which it could really protect the minority nationalists in Central and Eastern Europe.

THE address delivered by Frank A. Munsey before the American Bankers' Association on October 4th has been reprinted and is being circulated by the author. It contains extremely interesting opinions, as the following excerpts show:

> The labor problem is one of our most pressing problems just now. The country hasn't enough labor to carry on its work. . . . Labor, like commodities, is subject to the law of supply and demand. The wage of labor will never come down until the supply exceeds the demand. . . . The law passed by Congress soon after the war restricting immigration is wholly responsible for the present labor shortage. If this law had never gone on the statute books . . . our inflated wage scale would have been well liquidated before now. That wages would not deflate when there was a shortage of labor should have been clear to them because of the fact that America does not produce its own labor. . . . We produce no labor for the reason that there is no sympathy between the American public school and the pick and the ax. . . . This spirit is fine, admirable. . . . But it leaves us without labor of our own and almost wholly dependent on foreign labor to do the plain, simple work that only human hands can do. . . . In this situation it is perfectly clear that the country should demand, and that you [the bankers] should demand, an immediate change in our immigration laws—a change that will let into this country the willing workers of the Old World who are begging at our doors for admittance.

MR. SHERMAN P. CUNEO once wrote a life of the President, called "From Printer to President." Mr. Cuneo now happens to be publicity director of the government prohibition unit. He has evidently been reading about the Ku Klux Klan. He has evidently not read very deeply, for he shows a certain admiration for it. He even suggests that the Klan's example is, on occasion, worth following. In one of his publicity statements he tells us that the Klan "has inaugurated a campaign against moonshiners," and that in Texarkana "a dozen men, sheeted and masked, deposited a fully equipped whisky still on the sidewalk, and wrote on the sidewalk 'Bootleggers, Beware,' and 'Captured by the Ku Klux Klan.' ". We recommend the President's attention to this biographer of his who has found such a good answer to his chief's complaint that the present condition of enforcement "is the most demoralizing factor in our public life."

THE suit brought by the State of Kansas against William Allen White for daring to express an editorial opinion sympathetic with the illegal Shopmen's Strike of last summer has apparently been dismissed. The state authorities did not dare to let it come to trial. They were undoubted-

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ly wise in preferring discretion to valor and in vindicating Mr. White by defaulting on their own original contention. The suit itself was one of the most gross, ugly and inexcusable assaults on freedom of speech which state intoxicated American politicians have yet perpetrated. It indicates only too clearly what may be the result of imposing on political authority the duty of adjudicating strikes in spite of the fact that the social conscience is not as yet agreed upon an industrial code which would provide the basis of a judicial proceeding. The state authority in order to protect itself against the public defiance of its own decisions would have to prevent any comment on them which tended to produce disobedience.

The Economic Position of the Farmer

THE farmer has a grievance that he is asserting with steadily increasing vehemence. He is not getting his just share of the national production, and everybody knows it. Something, he insists, must be done about it. And although he knows what a tricky and uncertain business politics is, he is appealing to politics for redress. That is the substantial reality behind the Farm Bloc, behind western progressivism and the inchoate third party.

Therefore it is of extreme importance to determine just how serious and deep seated the farmers' grievance really is. Is it a mere incident of post-war depression, pretty certain to disappear of itself in a year or two, a conjunction of numerous slight bruises requiring at most only an application of salve here, a shred of plaster there? Or is it a constitutional malady of long standing, which will yield only to extremely drastic measures? Most city men, we believe, incline to the former view. The "prosperous American farmer" is an authenticated figure in their political mythology. He has always grumbled, to be sure, but what is grumbling but the American substitute for the Old World practice of singing at one's work? Health, peace of mind and abundance dwell in the country, the city man believes. And he assumes that the present crisis will ease itself off. Then the farmers will return with grateful docility to the Grand Old Party or to the creed of Thomas Jefferson.

Just where do the farmers stand today, economically? They have gathered crops this year worth the colossal sum of seven and one half billions of good American gold. Nor is that the limit of their income. Much of this value consists of corn, oats, hay, cotton seed and root crops which will be fed to live stock, at a profit, unless the farmer has taken to raising animals for the fun of it. We may safely estimate that three billions and a quarter of the crop value will be fed to animals, and we may estimate, not quite so safely, that the animal products sold will amount to three billion and a half, leaving a profit of a quarter of a billion to add to the seven and a half of crop values. Roughly speaking, seven and three quarters billions will cover the cash receipts of the American farmers. The city man, smarting under the latest exactions of his landlord, would be disposed to add also the rental value of 6,500,000 farm houses. But the National Bureau of Economic Research, in its latest study of income, makes the sensible point that on the average farm the upkeep of buildings and fences is at least a full offset for house rent. We need not go beyond the figure of seven and three quarters billions.

From that sum must be deducted the wages of hired labor. This amounted to three quarters of a billion in 1916, the year most nearly comparable to 1922 in gross product. Wages are higher now and must have taken at least a billion dollars. The cost of implements, automobiles, fertilizers and seed must have amounted to a billion and a quarter. Thus we come down to five billions and a half as the aggregate income of 6,500,000 farmers, or about $850 per farmer—or rather, per farm family. For we should not forget that the whole family, husband and wife and children above ten, had to work to get it. We may, if we choose, compare this figure with the average compensation of railway employees in 1917 of $1,072; with the average of $973 in the construction industry; $945 in the hand trades; $1,022 in the factory industries and $1,025 in mines, quarries and oil wells. Our authority for these figures is again the National Bureau of Economic Research. We have taken 1917 as the year nearest the wages conditions of today.

A farmer's family earns decidedly less, it would appear, than the average individual worker in industry, transportation or mining. But this does not give at all a fair view of the disabilities under which the farmer labors. We ought to deduct something from his earnings for the depreciation of land. There is no large section of the country in which a considerable proportion—probably a majority—of the farms is not running down physically. More fertility is being mined out than is being put back. We hesitate to suggest a figure covering this item. But there is another item which is more easily calculated. Farm land and buildings represent a capital which may be put conserva-

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tively at sixty-five billions, or ten thousand dollars per farm. As in any other business, interest ought to be deducted if we wish to find the return to labor and enterprise. At the moderate rate of five percent this would amount to five hundred dollars for the average farm. Subtract this from the average income of $850, and we have left $350. For that sum the head of the family rises early and works late; the wife milks cows and toils over the dairy utensils; the children take care of the poultry and weed the garden. Certainly, we have had the year's service of our agricultural workers very cheap.

But 1922 has been a year of agricultural depression, surpassed in maleficence only by 1921. Let us go back to the better years preceding. The National Bureau of Economic Research has calculated the return to the farmers' labor and enterprise for the twelve years 1909 to 1920. There were no exceptionally bad years in that period and two extremely good years, 1918 and 1919. Well, through the entire period, the average farm labor income, calculated on about the same basis as we have used, was $636.

Still, the optimist will say, the farmer enjoyed security. He enjoyed virtue. He enjoyed the calm of the great open spaces. Besides he got his unearned increment. For is it not true that all lands are advancing in value, year by year?

No, that is not true at all. A great deal of land is going down in value, or, if held at a constant value, is absolutely unsalable. Consider: A man, his wife and children, owning an average farm free of all encumbrance, earn less than the man alone, owning nothing, would earn in the city. How much is the farm really worth? A competent western economist declares that we shall never come near a solution of the agricultural problem until we recognize that the total value of our farm property is not sixty-five billion dollars, but zero. There is something in the view. If labor has a first claim on production, the farmer's labor can rightfully claim the whole value product of the soil, leaving not a red cent to sustain the value of property.

We offer the farmer his choice. He may have a fair return on the property he has bought and slaved to improve and clear of mortgage, or he may have wages. Not, to be sure, a living wage, but the sort of wage the captains of industry grant to the city proletariat. The farmer can't have both wages and returns on his property. He hasn't had both at any time in the last fourteen years except in 1918 and 1919. He isn't likely to have both again for many years to come, if the matter is left to the healing virtue of time.

That is the farmer's malady. It is grave, and chronic. But it may be said that the cards have always been stacked against the farmer. In all ages he has had to pit his wits, trained in the making of things, against the wits of the townsman, trained in the making of prices. Inevitably he has been skinned. There is nothing new in the present situation.

But the farmer does not stand it so stoically as he used to. It used to be that the farmer was chained by the leg to his acres. It was hard to get away from the farmstead, and it was hard for a man fresh from the farm to find a job in the city. But two great avenues of escape have been opened in the last two generations, first the railway, with its insatiate demand for men strong in sinew and of clear sight and brain, and latterly the automobile, practically a free course in mechanics and mobility for every wide-awake farm boy. Emigration from the farm is going on in large volume and is accelerating.

Merely a natural readjustment of occupations, say the optimists. There are too many farmers. If enough quit, the rest will make a living. But wait. This industry which we propose to leave to blind chance happens to provide the food supply of the peoples. And if chance doesn't work out the way we assume, somebody may have to go hungry, as in India, China, Russia.

Take the wheat crop of the world. The International Institute of Agriculture estimates it at 2,932,000,000 bushels for the year. Practically all of that vast volume is human food. Divide the number of bushels by five, and the quotient is the number of people living through the year by the virtue of wheat, most of whom would not live at all if the wheat supply failed. As Germany, Italy, Austria, Poland and Russia are going to eat as little as they can, it appears that the year will afford a surplus of 27,000,000 bushels, or nearly one percent. Obviously, no great falling off in production is needed to extend the dominion of hunger.

The food supply, we submit, and the industry which produces it are not fit subjects for the rule of blind chance. Grant that chance worked well through the century of territorial expansions, in which one zone of virgin lands after another was mined for its pristine fertility. The virgin lands are gone and the mouths have multiplied enormously. The time is at hand when only a sound public policy will stand between the peoples and starvation.

Such a policy will recognize that there must be a fair balance between agriculture and other economic activities. Farming must pay, on the whole, as well as anything else. Either farm prices will

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have to be evened up, or other prices will have to be evened down. That, says the captain of industry, is proof that we must deflate labor. No; it is proof that we must deflate the whole industrial and commercial superstructure, especially the capitalist and the profiteer. The farmer isn't really getting any profits at all. He is not getting anything on his $65,000,000,000 investment. Let the railways, banks, flouring mills, mines, steel works, oil refineries accept the same terms and the farmer will stop grumbling for a time.

But the capitalists will never accept such terms. Their investment is sacred. They have safeguarded the income on it by law, by trade agreements, by financial organization. The last twenty years have witnessed a veritable industrial revolution in the form of the development of a network of associations to insure the stability and profits of commerce and industry. That network, more than anything else, accounts for the fact that commerce and industry came nowhere near the degree of deflation that fell upon agriculture. Even today, after three years of readjustment, what the farmer sells is anywhere from twenty to fifty percent nearer prewar prices than what he buys. And prewar prices themselves were notoriously unfair to him.

Industry and commerce are not going to deflate themselves. Nor will all the anti-trust, anti-association laws we have or can make deflate them. The consumers' cooperative movement may do it in time, but we cannot wait on time. Accordingly there is just one way out, and that is to put agricultural prices up.

If the reader is an idolator of "natural economic law" he will hold up his hands in horror. Put prices up? It's against nature. Just the same, it can be done by Judge Gary to advance the interests of the steel stockholders. It could be done to preserve the interests of the nation.

And the farmer is doing it, wherever he can. Through the new producers' cooperative organizations he has put up the price of raisins to a living level. He has put up the price of a host of other special orchard and garden productions. He has put up the price of Burley tobacco. But the fate of the farmers, as a class, is bound up with the great staples, wheat, cotton and corn, the basis of our live stock industry. So also is the fate of the nation. Now, in spite of brave attempts, cooperative marketing has not come anywhere near a position sufficiently commanding to affect these staples. And in view of the magnitude of their production and of their dependence on the world market there is little hope that producers' cooperation will ever control them adequately.

What then? Shall we content ourselves with a patch of plaster here, a bit of salve there; raising the limit on farm loans to $25,000 for the benefit of the rare farmer who needs so much borrowed money; creating production credit paper of one year or two or three? Or shall we really grapple with the problem? If the latter is what we propose to do we shall have to make up our minds to face the cost, a cost which may involve public money, but chiefly would involve the scrapping of cherished politico-economic ideas. We shall have to face the problem of "valorization" in one form or another.

But the cost would be overwhelming, it will be said. Not necessarily. Take wheat, for example. Let us suppose that the price which would fairly redress the balance between wheat production and industry is a dollar and a half a bushel. A government agency stands ready to buy all the wheat offered at less than that price. There can be no doubt what would happen to the price. A dollar and a half would stand as a minimum. But how much wheat would go into elevators on government account? The world surplus this year is 27,000,000 bushels. Conceivably 50,000,000 bushels would have to be impounded. The government might be out a million and a half in interest. That is staggering to contemplate!

But think what might happen later. Wheat production might expand, and we might pile up a hundred million bushels, two hundred, five hundred. If we got up to five hundred million bushels we should be in the position of having one year's food supply in reserve, a position into which every civilized nation would make haste to put itself, if governments were constituted to protect the peoples against the really vital risk, the risk of famine.

Backing Up to Europe

WHAT happened behind the scenes at the recent reparations conference in London is little by little becoming fairly clear. The French government indicated its readiness to cut the indemnity to say $10,000,000,000 and to grant a moratorium to Germany for two years, but only in return for a very substantial quid pro quo. If Germany still cannot pay at the end of the moratorium, the French government demands the right to take possession of certain productive assets, such as the forests and the mines, and to sell their products to her own best advantage. It demands a remission of its debt to Great Britain and, if possible, a remission of its debt to this country. Finally it insists on obtaining the cash which it needs

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to stabilize its own tottering financial structure and which can only come from the proceeds of a British or American loan. The British government would like to accept the French terms, but it also demands a substantial quid pro quo. If France is to pay Great Britain, she must not use what she gains from remission in order to pay the French debt to the United States. Furthermore if the British government is not to collect from France, it does not propose to pay this country. From its point of view, the inclusion of the United States in the arrangement is essential. Before the British will agree to accept the French terms or propose any alternative plan, they insist on making a final effort to transfer some of the burden to the United States. The conference adjourned for that purpose until January 2nd.

The British with the aid of their American bankers are now bringing pressure on the Harding administration to come to their assistance—the same kind of pressure which they brought to bear on the United States when during the war they wanted a huge American army in France or a small one in Siberia. Civilization, Mr. Bonar Law says, is again in danger of being wrecked. This time the danger comes, not from the threatened triumph of Germany but her threatened ruin. Her whole financial and economic structure is about to collapse. Instead of paying an indemnity she must have a large loan in order to purchase abroad the food which she needs to save her people from starvation. A no less serious danger to civilization looms up on the other side of the Rhine. The French government, which does not seem to be very much concerned by the disaster which is about to overtake civilization from the collapse of Germany, proposes to accelerate its coming and increase its volume by invading Germany and seizing the most important German industrial and mining district—a district which performs for German industry a service similar to the service performed by Ohio and Pennsylvania in American industry. The British government alone cannot avert this disaster. It needs help from the American government to restrain the French from preferring the collapse of civilization to the possible future welfare of Germany.

What the British government wants the American government to do is to permit or help the placing of a $1,500,000,000 loan in this country, part of which will be devoted to saving Germany and part to inducing France to refrain from ruining Germany. But a loan of this magnitude is impossible unless it is accompanied by a new arrangement about reparations and the inter-Allied indebtedness. The future of civilization seems to the English clearly to demand a remission of the French and British debts to the United States. By a new arrangement of this kind France and Great Britain would each receive an adequate quid pro quo for its sacrifices. The American people would not get in return anything for themselves, but they ought to be accustomed to that. They are the only people in the world who are asked to act collectively from disinterested motives in order to save other peoples from the consequences of acting from interested motives and to be fairly chargeable with gross moral delinquency if they even hesitate. In this case they would have by way of compensation the satisfaction of rescuing Germany from France, just as they formerly had the satisfaction of rescuing France from Germany, of contributing to the welfare of the German people and as usual of preventing the threatened collapse of civilization. In order to accomplish this result in 1923 it is necessary to think and to behave in a manner which a few years ago would have been called pro-German.

The pressure which is being brought to bear upon the administration to intervene is prodigious, and it appeared for a while to have consented. Before January 2nd Mr. Harding, so it was said, would submit to the German and Allied governments, proposals which would offer American economic assistance to Europe in return for the promise of somewhat more civilized behavior on the part of the European nations themselves. The New Republic hopes, but does not believe, that he will submit such proposals. The time has come for him to move, and if he acts courageously he may do something to enable bankrupt Europe to climb the steep hill back to political and economic solvency.

It is worth trying. The need is very great. Civilization *was* in danger when the American nation intervened in the war. It is even more in danger now. In so far as it is in danger, the power and the counsel of the American people alone are inadequate to save it, but they are elected to try and they must accept the election. While they possess no moral superiority over their European brethren, they are more fortunately situated and are better able to afford a relatively disinterested economic policy. And such a policy, if used to strengthen the recuperative forces in Europe, may help Europe to save herself. Of course it is a little exasperating when European moralists and their American copyists charge an American nation, which is only struggling to recover a more normal and constructive attitude towards its own domestic business and for that reason does not wish to devote so much of its time and energy to saving

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Europe, with callousness to human suffering and moral myopia. But the exasperation should not be allowed to interfere with a recognition of realities. Those who feel it should remember that under similar circumstances American moralists would assume a similar attitude. There remains the solemn fact that the European social structure is actually threatened with a disaster which an America, culturally so intimately allied to Europe, cannot ignore without damage to her moral self-possession.

But before embarking on another costly and probably abortive attempt to save civilization, the American nation is surely justified in remembering the outcome of its former essay and in scrutinizing with more care the proposed vehicle and route of salvation. During its former attempt the American nation, notwithstanding many brave words about doing justice to its enemy and refusing to wage war on the German people, accepted the leadership of its European associates and did generously, ardently and without reservations, all that was asked. It accepted their assertion that the way to save civilization was utterly to defeat Germany. By virtue of American assistance they did utterly defeat Germany. Yet four years after her defeat civilization is again tottering. This time, however, it seems to a disinterested American to be tottering from a different cause; and the difference is so important and yet so generally ignored that it deserves emphatic assertion and careful examination. The existing peril to civilization is traceable to the way in which the victors exploited the defeat of Germany—a defeat which was brought about by the former American attempt to save civilization. By helping to knock Germany out we not only did not save civilization, but we assisted the enemies of Germany in Europe to imperil it. If a second American intervention succeeds any better than the first, it must begin by rescuing Germany and Europe from the fruits of a victory which was accomplished at a cost of at least $20,000,000,000 and 50,000 American lives. The American people will not have to pay as much to get rid of the Treaty of Versailles as they did to render it possible, but unless they undertake to get rid of it, there will not in a few years be much civilization left in Europe. If they can only succeed in unwriting the Treaty, they will obtain full value for the additional ten or fifteen billions that it may cost.

If not today some day an American President will know enough to demand as a sine qua non of American assistance the final ending of the reign of violence which is the veritable cause of the dangerous life which poor civilization has lived in Europe since 1914. The deep and essential vice of the Treaty of Versailles is not its specific violations of the terms of the Armistice, or its frequent repudiation of nationality which is supposed to be its constructive political principle. Its worst vice is its perpetuation of the appeal to force as the final arbiter of European politics. The Treaty has charged the German nation with the performance of impossible tasks, and it has imposed the penalty of ruin for failure. Germany has failed and she is being ruined. It is still possible to save her, and to save European civilization with her, but only by emancipating her from the intolerable degradation and horror of always negotiating under the shadow of the gallows—of being deprived of that kind of security and hope which is essential to moral self-possession and social achievement.

Accordingly what we hope that President Harding will do is to offer an American loan, and all that he dares to offer by way of remission of the principal and interest of the war debts, provided France will abandon the military sanctions under the Treaty, evacuate the Rhineland, reduce the indemnity not merely to $10,000,000,000 but to $10,000,000,000 less the amount which is remitted by the British and American governments from the debts owed by France to them, grant a moratorium to Germany for say five years, guarantee Germany against invasion for any future failure to pay, and restore Germany to a place in the counsels and the social economy of Europe commensurate with the number and intelligence of her inhabitants. Unless Germany obtains guarantees and alleviations of this kind, it would be financial folly to lend her the money which she needs to stabilize her currency and prevent her people from starving. In exchange she would have to put into effect those drastic internal reforms, upon the necessity of which all observers are agreed; but in that event she would have every incentive to pull herself together and adopt the reforms. Now she has none at all. As long as the public law of Europe deprives her people of any sufficient motive for prudence, thrift, honesty and self-respect, they are bound to be a danger to civilization. Unless the plan of the administration to go to the assistance of Europe attaches prime importance to this consideration, it will be far better for President Harding not to intervene in Europe; and if Europe should refuse to accept assistance on the proposed terms the American government should remain detached. There is no hope for Europe until the French will admit the incompatibility between the reign of violence perpetrated by the Treaty of Versailles and the restoration of international prosperity and order.

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The Progressives at Cleveland

THE Conference for Progressive Political Action which met at Cleveland on December 11th was complementary to the conference called by the People's Legislative Service at Washington on December 1st. The former was, it is true, the second meeting of the body which met at Chicago last February, made up of representatives of powerful trade unions and of certain groups which had already committed themselves to independent political action, such as the Nonpartisan League, the Socialist party and the Farmer Labor party. The forces which that Conference represented manifested themselves so unmistakably in the recent election that the number of progressive Senators and Representatives in the next Congress was increased to a formidable bloc. The possession of this new power and the disposition to be made of it in the immediate future were the reasons for calling the Washington Conference ad hoc. The Cleveland Conference, while claiming the right of primogeniture over the Washington Conference, on the whole showed itself amicably ready to share the progressive inheritance and especially to fall in with the plans laid down at Washington for the immediate administration of it.

There was a marked difference between the temper in which the Conference met at Chicago in February and that in which it assembled at Cleveland in December. Whereas at Chicago the chairman, Mr. W. H. Johnstone, President of the Machinists' International, had viewed with alarm, at Cleveland he pointed with pride. This change was manifestly the result of the recent election, which led the exuberant keynoter to assert that November 7, 1922, was the greatest day in the history of the republic since July 4, 1776. It is true, when he included among the achievements of the progressives the defeat of Beveridge there were not lacking voices to inquire what they had got in Ralstone, or to make the point that if Beveridge had been elected he too would have been among the saved at Washington.

There were two methods of political action constantly under consideration and, in the final session, under discussion at Cleveland. One was essentially the organization of independent voting in the primaries of the two major parties: the other was the creation of a third party. The former was the one which the progressive elements generally followed in the last election, the notable exception being in Minnesota where H. F. Shipstead was elected on the Farmer Labor ticket. It is significant that the Minnesota branch of the Farmer Labor party, irritated by efforts which representatives of the nonpartisan policy made to have Mr. Shipstead run in the Republican primaries, refused to send representatives to the Conference. The triumphs of the last election having been won by the nonpartisan method, however, it was natural that this plan should enjoy considerable prestige in the Conference, especially since those triumphs were not scanned too critically. The great achievement of the Conference was to draw up a constitution giving itself a permanent organization and looking toward the creation of party machinery in the several states. The article dealing with the latter subject provides that as soon as practicable the executive committee shall summon conferences in every state, such bodies to have the option of working through the primaries of the old parties or forming an independent party—with the hortatory proviso that if they choose the first method and fail to secure satisfactory results they shall resort to the second.

As was natural this provision did not satisfy those members of the Conference who represented bodies already organized as independent parties. It was felt that mere exhortation of state bodies to independent political action would be futile without a national policy to give impulse and direction. It was pointed out that the nonpartisan plan of working through the primaries of the major parties was being made increasingly difficult by state laws designed to maintain the strictly partisan character of the primaries; and that it was difficult to capitalize results of such action, even if successful, into permanent gain. The most biting arraignment of the nonpartisan plan was that it merely duplicated the devices of the A. F. of L. The Farmer Labor party at the outset of the Conference presented a resolution designed to commit the organization definitely to the principle of a third party, in these words: "That the Conference for Progressive Political Action hereby declares for independent political action by the agricultural and industrial workers through a party of their own." This resolution hung over the Conference from the beginning, as an opportunity for a real test of strength between the progressives and the radicals. The committee on resolutions proposed to smother it, and to this end to sacrifice all other resolutions, including those in favor of a child labor law, recognition of Russia, amnesty for political prisoners and civil liberties; but the spirit of fair play won and the resolution was presented, though it was necessary for the Conference to find a new hall for an extra evening session which had not been provided for. The resolution was thoroughly debated and lost 64 to 52.

The leading argument against the resolution was that the time was not ripe for such a declaration—that the rank and file of industrial workers

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as well as farmers were still under the hypnotism of the old party names and the excitement of being in one of the big tents. Particularly the voice of political expediency counselled delay at this time. The railroad brotherhoods, who are the chief unions behind the Conference, have a candidate for the Presidency peculiarly their own in Robert M. La Follette. He is their champion favorite, with Mr. McAdoo a mere runner-up. Mr. La Follette will undoubtedly be a candidate in the Republican primaries two years hence. If he misses this train, or is prevented by the party conductors from getting aboard, as was Roosevelt, the Third Party Special will be waiting on the siding to carry him to his destination. The plan outlined for state action by the Conference seems exactly fitted for such a contingency.

In any case, the sponsors of the new progressive movement are committed for the next few years to operating as a bloc instead of as a party. They have historical precedent for such a decision. Both in Great Britain and the United States the normal condition of political activity is two parties, one devoted to experiment and change, and the other to holding fast the present order. But the political history of Great Britain since the Reform Bill has been largely influenced by blocs. The present Conservative party has as its ancestor the bloc of diehard Tories who under Disraeli and Sir George Bentinck, refused to accept the surrender of Sir Robert Peel to free trade. There was at the same time a bloc of radicals in the House of Commons who constantly forced the Whig ministers farther and faster along the path of reform than they were willing to go, and more than once, to punish them for their sloth, turned them out of office and let in Disraeli. In each general election the Liberal party was compelled to make a part of its official program measures which had been wrung from it as concessions and in each new ministry to accord certain places to the radicals. This will be the part which the progressive bloc will try to play in the next Congress. The measures with which the radical bloc in Parliament was concerned were largely matters of government, such as the extension of the franchise and improved methods of exercising it. Similarly it would appear that one chief object of the progressive bloc is to make the primary system more responsive to popular will, to secure the direct election of the President by the people, and to abate the power of the Supreme Court, which corresponds to the House of Lords. But the development of the radical bloc in Great Britain was steadily toward "independent political action by agricultural and industrial workers through a party of their own," and it culminated in a third party which is now the second. With full allowance for the backwardness of the American labor movement, and the selfishness of its leaders, is it possible to doubt that the same development will occur in this country? A national party needs a great principle to justify its inauguration. The basis of the British Labor party is the principle that the livelihood of the producers is the first lien on the wealth produced, and that their welfare is the primary concern of the commonwealth. The Cleveland Conference was unanimous in support of this principle. A national party needs the adherence of a great body of citizens to give it permanence. No one could look at the men assembled at Cleveland without seeing behind them a vista of faces, or listen to them without hearing the voices of the multitude of men and women of the rank and file who had sent them there. And finally a national party needs leaders. The problem of leadership is indeed the most difficult one of democracy. No one could associate with the men at Cleveland without realizing how essentially superior they were to the group of managers who personally conducted the Conference. The immediate direction of the enterprise is in the hands of the latter; the first task of the progressive bloc, which they claim as their creation, is to develop leadership worthy of the mass of men and women waiting for it. But if such leadership does not emerge from the policy of political transmutation and transfusion which is contemplated in the next two years, then we may expect to see it appear, as in the case of the British Labor party, directly from the rank and file of industry, and from experts associated with them whose motive is disinterested public service.

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Matthew Arnold

On the Occasion of His Centenary

"FOR a spirit of any delicacy and dignity," says Arnold, writing of great names that have passed away, "what a fate, if he could foresee it! To be an oracle for one generation, and then of little or no account forever." The fate on which he thus touches was not to be his own; the sensitive care for truth, which was one with his own delicacy and dignity, preserved him from it. To a deliberate view he is greater now than he seemed to his contemporaries; the content of his writing appears, upon the whole, more substantial and permanent. The poetry indeed, the best of it, still leaves the same exquisite and haunting impression upon a few; perhaps it will always be upon a few. It is the work in prose that takes to itself, the more we know it and see it in perspective, an added importance.

His greatness in his prose is double. First, he was the critic of our civilization; a critic of its literature (both produced and inherited), its education, its politics, its religion, its social structure and its manners. He saw that the most brilliant thing a critic can possibly be is—right. He has his limits, but there is a soundness that attends him even when he is signally incomplete. He is, though not the greatest, nor the richest, nor spiritually the deepest, yet the most intellectual of the Victorian literary figures, Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, Dickens, Thackeray and the rest; for intellect is understanding and meets its truest test in the broadest, the most decisive facts of life. The growth of human insight is marked, each step of it, by a new distinction; the felicity of his criticism is that in its exercise the distinctions he drew, the names by which he marked them, the classifications thus created, are (not only a few but many of them) of lasting, of far-reaching illumination. He left the finest instruments, with which his criticism can be carried on. And second, he was not satisfied with criticism, with just judgment, but made it the basis of a steady and sagacious effort toward amendment and a sound reconstruction. He "drove at practice." In particular, he saw, far in advance of his time, and indeed of our time, the modern task, and set about to perform it; the task of saving the treasures of the old order while frankly and absolutely accepting the new; the task of bringing them into living union. He was in the profound sense a conservative liberal.

Matthew Arnold lingers in the shadows of many a mind as a "superior person," a fastidious critic, a delicately gloved literary exquisite who called us Philistines and gently reprehended us for our crudity and commonness. But in truth he is humane and he is inclusive; there is nothing deeper in him than these instincts. He is inclusive: he is bent upon not overlooking any of the essentials of human life or conditions of human happiness. It is the essence of his work that he is trying, in the words he used of Sophocles in the sonnet—words that are perhaps too often quoted, but cannot be too often understood—to see life steadily and see it whole. He perceives the merit of apparent opposites and tries so to put them in their places that the opposition turns into mutual help. He is not for waste; he will not wholly throw over what either the past or the enemy has to give. He is not only a conservative liberal but a Hebraical Hellenist, and he attempts to be a Christian rationalist. Again, he is humane: not only does he keep a steadfast hold on the rule that human intellect exists for human benefit but he will have the possessions of intellect itself, to the very utmost extent possible, a common possession of humanity. He is, in the words that Mrs. Robinson has used of a very different person, her brother Theodore Roosevelt, "a great sharer;" he wishes to see the true idea shared, rendered social. "This," he says, "is the social idea; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive, to humanise it, to make it effective outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the best knowledge and thought of the time. . . . Such a man was Abelard in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfections. . . . Such were Lessing and Herder in Germany, at the end of the last century; and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. . . . And why? Because they *humanized knowledge;*

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because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence, because they worked powerfully . . . to make reason and the will of God prevail." Such a man, in his measure, was Arnold himself, and the full fruit of his labors is yet to be seen.

To throw open every subject whatever to reason and humanity and to make them prevail and govern there (only making most cautiously sure that our light is not darkness), that was his constant aim. A hasty American economist and reformer has called him "a conservative literary man." A literary man in England who protests that we are seeing "a lower class brutalized" and "an upper class materialized," who pronounces for the equality of all as the true basis for a healthy civilization, who would see the British aristocracy, that "splendid piece of materialism," gradually dissolved, their great estates broken up, and laws limiting the amount of land or money that can be inherited, an Englishman who while favoring the notion of the establishment of religion would establish all of the large religious communions equally with the Anglican, who is so convinced that there is an ascertainable truth in political and social matters and that the nation in its collective and corporative character, as the state, can do so much more for civilization than now by carrying this truth into effect, is hardly a Tory. On the side of spirit and tone of life Arnold takes it as his own function to deal chiefly with the civilization of the middle class, but is entirely aware of the great problems that surround such a matter.

It is his interest in "the social idea," it is the instinctive need to share, that explains the simplicity of Arnold's style. He wishes to stand beside the reader and thus see the object "eye to eye" with him. If a certain fineness of vision is required he still has the faith that this is a latent possession of humanity and may be evoked; let us in any case evoke it wherever possible. "By our *best self* we are united, impersonal, at harmony." One of the cleverest of contemporary minds sees in these writings "thin-spun sermons for the general public," "Matthew Arnold's tracts for the times." Well, he certainly intended them to be thin-spun in the only sense in which they are so. His supply of thought is not thin. As Mr. Brownell in an admirable essay has pointed out it is because in the interest of clarity Arnold resolutely takes but one thing at a time that we are tempted rashly to conclude that he has only a slender sheaf of ideas at his disposal. He is fertile of ideas. But he could not tolerate a dense and crowded growth of them in the same page or essay. He has a singular art of clearing out the undergrowth and permitting the tall and commanding thoughts to stand forth. The independent intelligence that he brings to bear tells him that "the easy writing that makes hard reading" is an almost universal fault in literature, that a true and important idea deserves an open approach, that it is only the fewest in our language who do justice to their own conceptions in the minds of others. Arnold is taking language as a means of communication; the task he sets the critic is "a disinterested endeavor to learn *and propagate* the best," etc. "Propaganda," writes Mr. Santayana in his beautiful Soliloquies in England, "propaganda, that insult to human nature." If it is so, education must be an insult to human nature and I sometimes notice a tendency in the young to resent it as such. The Sermon on the Mount was no doubt a terrible reflection on existing human nature, but hardly because it was propaganda. We do not insult people by assuming that they are willing to learn or capable of learning. We do them honor. To be sure, pettish human nature is impatient of learning and of the supposition that any knowledge could profitably be added to it, but that is simply the most pitiful and indefensible of our weaknesses. Nothing gives the measure of the difference between Arnold and Mr. Santayana, of the want in the latter of a certain fundamental human seriousness—seriousness in one of its dimensions—a want that all the penetration of his acute and large-minded spectatorship can almost but not quite make us forget, better than the quoted words. The reach, the greatness and beauty of Mr. Santayana's thought are not enough appreciated; if this trait were added they might be of the highest order.

The instinctive need to share is at the root of Arnold's view of criticism also. It is the business of criticism, he tells us, "to see the object as in itself it really is." Now clearly it is the business of criticism, for Arnold and for everybody, as the word implies, to judge, to pronounce good or bad. And at this saying of his both the common mind, with its maxim that there is no disputing about tastes, and the philosophic mind, with its remark that good and bad are not in the object but in the beholder's impression of the object—that "there's nothing either good or bad but thinking [that is, feeling] makes it so"—both the common mind and the philosophic mind demur or wonder. The truth is that Arnold is purposely oblivious of the philosophic subtlety; and the popular notion that there is no truth or standard in the subject of taste, that it is abandoned to individual caprice, is just what he is set upon correcting. He speaks as if good and bad were objective, meaning in effect that the

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sense of them is shared, common, social, reliable. The duty of the critic is "to get himself out of the way and let humanity judge." There is such a thing as the normal human impression. The economy of human life makes a certain impression helpful, and human nature is normal when it responds with this appropriate impression and no other. It cannot be said that from a man's arbitrary taste there is no appeal. There is an appeal, not to the majority, but to the normal, which means in the end an appeal to the type of taste most fruitful of human happiness or most consistent with it.

The depth of Arnold's social instinct is seen again in what he finds to be "the function of criticism at the present time." It is the function of purifying the wells from which creative literature is drawn. One thinks of the critic as judging the work after it appears; Arnold thinks of him also as gradually imparting his standard to the creative mind. Then in the struggle for existence between the various tentative imaginations that spontaneously spring up in that mind some will be promptly suppressed by the critical conditions that now reign there and only the fitter will survive. Criticism has thus the mission of raising the very starting-point of creation to a higher level, of cleansing the very atmosphere that the creative spirit breathes. The social function of criticism is the creation of taste, and of an instinctive wisdom.

As a critical leader Arnold with all his merits has two great inadequacies. The first is that he regards it as the office of creative literature itself to be in effect "a criticism of life;" to exhibit the things of life, that is, in such wise that their relative values stand forth in relief. Thus he ranges himself with those who hold it the business of literature to educate and form us for better living. How easy it is to turn in at this door and not see the larger one! True, literature often has a power to form us; let all use be made of that power. But literature has another reason for existence, namely, to be life instead of preparing for it; to be a high and satisfying experience, a worthy use of time, and an end and not a means, a form of happiness. "Art for art's sake," that is for beauty's sake, must have its place. To take this wider view would not a little have modified some of his judgments.

The other weakness has been besides a bad example. There must be in literature in any case an element of the criticism or estimate of the things of life. The critic cannot avoid pronouncing on questions of fact, of truth, as well as of aesthetic value. He must exercise not only taste but reason. Taste is an immediate verdict and Arnold, impatient of logical machinery, is too often tempted in large questions of truth to make his reason dispense with reasoning and issue an immediate verdict too, a prompt and easy "intuition." He will be a seer with the naked eye. This may be called the fallacy of the critic. The critic cannot always tell us with assurance what in life and literature does actually make for human happiness without taking a great deal of pains to find out. Through a cautious logic, through experiment and other tests, we escape from the plausibilities of our own minds, we make sure "that our light is not darkness." We do but follow Arnold's spirit further. He himself is too prone to forget his own lines and stop short of "the dragon-wardered fountains where the springs of knowledge are." Some of the examples of this Mr. Stuart Sherman in his invaluable guide to Arnold, has analyzed. His sensitive care for truth is in this matter not always sensitive enough. The new world that is now "powerless to be born" awaits the development of intellectual conscience as the one absolute condition and means of arising.

Akin to this is his one defect as a moralist, a defect that is typically Victorian. He lays it down that in morals the knowing is easy and it is only the doing that is hard. True within the field of established morality but quite forgetful of the morality that has yet to be established. We have a railway that as yet takes us but a part of the distance to our destination; at the end of it we must get off and make our way through the bush as best we can. He reminds us impressively that the fortunes of society depend upon morals, but not enough that it is the business of morals effectually to secure the well-being of society.

On religion, inspired by Spinoza's Theological Political Treatise and by Vinet, Arnold did some of his most momentous work. His early phase is one of scepticism and of sadness. He is private secretary to Lord Landsdowne and his writing is chiefly in verse. When he becomes a traveling inspector of schools, begins a long career full of work and tedium, meets the members of school boards and is a guest at middle-class tables, when in brief he comes close to English life, we see a new phase. Immersed in work and facing the defects that most repel him he becomes constructive and puts sadness away. Life gradually wrote out the equation: Critical and fastidious instincts plus deep humanity equal *reform*. This mood of statesmanship he carries into religion. He asks himself what are the elements of Christianity that no modern knowledge can shake, that rest verifi-

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ably upon experience, that the scientific sceptic himself must accept. The inadequacy of Arnold's answer must not blind us to the fact that no more fruitful and sagacious question has ever been asked. One after another he takes the conceptions of Christian faith and translates them into the language of human experience and salutary consequence. The points of view of science and of biblical research he supplements with that of humane history and letters. What he does not adequately take is the point of view of religion itself. He is moralistic, not sufficiently spiritual. There are sides of religious experience lighting up the whole problem of which he knows too little. He can even write of the idea that God is personal, "a being who thinks and loves," that the stress upon it is due to the Aryan love of metaphysics, not to Hebrew religion at all, that it has no deep value for human life. Still, his statement of the question of religion for our time, his setting of the conditions for the answer, are work of a statesmanlike courage and grasp that have not been sufficiently acknowledged. The truth is that because Arnold wrote on the most deep-reaching problems with a sustained simplicity of language and of touch academic scholars have at no time fully perceived his power as a philosopher.

DICKINSON S. MILLER.

The Great Conspiracy

OR

THE IMPULSE IMPERIOUS OF INTELLIGENCE TESTERS, PSYCHOANALYZED AND EXPOSED BY MR. LIPPMANN.

AFTER Mr. Bryan had confounded the evolutionists, and Voliva the astronomers, it was only fitting that some equally fearless knight should stride forth in righteous wrath and annihilate that other group of pseudo-scientists known as "intelligence testers." Mr. Walter Lippmann, alone and unaided, has performed just this service. That it took six rambling articles to do the job is unimportant. It is done. The world is deeply in debt to Mr. Lippmann. So are the psychologists, if they only knew it, for henceforth they should know better than to waste their lives monkeying with those silly little "puzzles" or juggling IQ's and mental ages.

What have intelligence testers done that they should merit such a fate? Well, what have they not done? They have enunciated, ex cathedra, in the guise of fact, law and eternal verity, such highly revolutionary and absurd doctrines as the following; to wit:

(1) That the strictly average representative of the genus homo is not a particularly intellectual animal;

(2) that some members of the species are much stupider than others;

(3) that school prodigies are usually brighter than school laggards;

(4) that college professors are more intelligent than janitors, architects than hod-carriers, railroad presidents than switch-tenders; and (most heinous of all)

(5) that the offspring of socially, economically and professionally successful parents have better mental endowment, on the average, than the offspring of said janitors, hod-carriers and switch-tenders.

These are indeed dangerous doctrines, subversive of American democracy. The crime of the "intelligence testers" is made worse by the fact that they have attempted to gain credence for their nefarious theories by resort to cunningly devised statistical formulae which common people do not understand. It is true that some of these doctrines had been voiced before, but as long as they were expressed in ordinary language they passed as mere opinion and did little harm. But to talk about mental differences in terms of IQ's, or to reckon mental inheritance in terms of a ".50 coefficient of resemblance between parent and offspring," is a far more serious matter. In the interest of freedom of opinion there ought to be a law passed forbidding the encroachment of quantitative methods upon those fields which from time immemorial have been reserved for the play of sentiment and opinion. For example, why should not one be allowed to take his political or social theory as he takes his religion, without having it all mixed up with IQ's, probable errors and coefficients of correlation?

At any rate, it will not do to let the idea get abroad that human beings differ in any such vital trait as ability to think, comprehend, reason; or, if such differences really exist, that there is the remotest possibility of anyone ever being able to measure them. If the psychologists should succeed in getting the intelligentsia to swallow this vanity-satisfying doctrine, who knows that they

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would not next succeed in putting over a system of plural voting based upon intelligence indices (to be determined by these self-same psychologists)? Absurd? By no means. Suppose, for example, they should somehow manage to give a test to the members of Congress (it might be done without their knowing it) and should then shrewdly award to each and every one a flatteringly high IQ. Sheer instinct on the part of the recipients could be depended upon to do the rest.

Let there be no misapprehension; the principle of democracy is at stake. The essential thing about a democracy is not equality of opportunity, as some foolish persons think, but equality of mental endowment. Where would our American democracy be if it should turn out that people differ in intelligence as they do in height; especially if the psychologist could make it appear that he had discovered a method of triangulating everybody's intellectual altitude? The argument of the psychologists that they would use their method in the discovery and conservation of talent, among rich and poor alike, is brazen camouflage. They don't care a twirl-o'-your-thumb about the conservation of talent. Their real purpose is to set up a neo-aristocracy, more snobbish, more tyrannical and on every count more hateful than any that has yet burdened the earth. Inasmuch as the psychologists know their little "puzzle" stunts better than anyone else can hope to know them, they are doubtless entertaining ambitious visions of themselves forming the cap stone of this new political and social structure. As Mr. Lippmann well says, "if the tester could make good his claim that his tests test intelligence he would soon occupy a position of power which no intellectual has held since the collapse of theocracy." In short, the whole thing is motivated by the Nietzschean Impulse Imperious.

It is high time that we were penetrating the wiles of this crafty cult. We have been entirely too unsuspecting. For example, the innocent-minded Germans are being shamefully taken in at this very moment. Hardly had the old government of Germany crashed, when the educational authorities of the newly established republic allowed the psychologists to launch a wild orgy of intelligence testing in the schools. The orgy continues unabated. The ostensible purpose is to sift the schools for superior talent in order to give it a chance to make the most of itself, in whatever stratum of society it may be found. The psychologists pretend that they are trying to break up the old Prussian caste system. They are not. It is the Impulse Imperious. If the German people don't wake up they will soon find themselves in the grip of a super-junker caste that will out-junker anything Prussia ever turned loose. England and the other European countries are in similar danger. The conspiracy has even spread to Australia, South Africa and Japan. It is world-wide.

Now it is evident that Mr. Lippmann has been seeing red; also, that seeing red is not very conducive to seeing clearly. The impassioned tone of these six articles gives their case away. Clearly, something has hit the bull's-eye of one of Mr. Lippmann's emotional complexes. From the concentration of attack upon me one would infer that I had caused all the trouble, even to the point of seducing such an eminent psychologist as William McDougall. If such is the case, my responsibility is very great, for a majority of the psychologists of America, England and Germany are now enrolled in the ranks of the "intelligence testers," and all but a handful of the rest use their results.

The six articles are introduced by the editors of the New Republic as a critical "analysis and estimate of intelligence tests." As it turns out, the estimate is considerably more in evidence than the analysis. The former rings out clearly in every paragraph; the latter, when it is not downright loco, is vague and misleading. One gathers, however, that Mr. Lippmann thinks he has a mission to perform and that the end justifies the means. This is not an accusation; it is a charitable way of explaining his misuse of facts and quotations.

The validity of intelligence tests is hardly a question the psychologist would care to debate with Mr. Lippmann; nor is there any reason to engage in so profitless a venture. It is only necessary to examine casually a few samples of his allegations in order to show what weight they should carry.*

Sample No. 1. *The belief that our draftees in the war had an average mental age of only fourteen years rests entirely upon the mental age standards embodied in the Stanford Revision of the Binet tests. These standards were based upon a mere handful of samplings and are entirely overthrown by the army results. The army tests have "knocked the Stanford Revision into a cocked hat."*

As a matter of fact, the belief in question does not rest at all upon the correctness of the Stanford mental age norms. Independent age norms have several times been derived for the army tests by applying them to large groups of unselected school children. I have presented some of these norms in the very report from which Mr. Lippmann quotes a few of the facts he is unable to interpret.† Such

* His allegations are here stated in highly condensed form, as the text is much too verbose for literal quotation.

† Psychological Examining in the United States Army. Vol. 15, National Academy of Science Memoirs, p. 536 ff.

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independently derived norms for the Alpha test, for the Beta test and for the Yerkes-Bridges Point Scale (all used in the army), agree with the Stanford-Binet in the verdict as to average mental age of our drafted soldiers. On every kind of test that was employed, even the most non-verbal, the average score earned by draftees was less than that earned by average fourteen-year-old school children. Psychologists are not entirely agreed as to how this fact should be interpreted, but that is beside the point. Those who accept the army data at their face value think that the "Fourteen-Year" tests of the Stanford-Binet should be renamed "Average Adult" tests. The possible desirability of such renaming has no bearing whatever on the average mental age of soldiers or, for that matter, on the validity of the Stanford tests as a measure of intelligence.

Sample No. 2. *The intelligence rating earned by a soldier was determined chiefly by the time limits used in giving the tests.*

The effects of increased time limits were thoroughly investigated by the Division of Psychology, Surgeon General's Office. The results of the experiment, which was carried out under my direction by Dr. Mark A. May, are stated in the following words: "In general, then, we have no reason to assume that an extension of time limits would have improved the test or have given an opportunity to many individuals materially to alter their ratings." * In fact, scores earned by 510 men on regular time correlated with scores earned by the same group on double time to the extent of .965. This means, of course, that the top five percent by one method included almost exactly the same men as were in the top five percent by the other method, and similarly for a cross section in any range of the score distribution. These facts are to be found just three pages from a statement which Mr. Lippmann takes out of its setting and quotes in a manner certain to mislead.

Sample No. 3. *The symmetrical distribution of IQ's resulting from application of the Stanford-Binet to unselected children is no proof whatever of the validity of the test.*

Perfectly true and perfectly irrelevant. I have never made such a claim, although Mr. Lippmann tries to give the impression that I have. It is true, as he asserts, that coin-tossing gives an even more symmetrical curve of distribution. Mr. Lippmann uses this illustration in order to suggest that intelligence score distributions, like those for coin-tossing, are mainly a product of chance. (He does admit they are "not quite as chancy as that.") What are the facts? Over and over again the experiment has been made of testing a large group of children twice, with an interval of several days, or months, or even years between the tests. Each pupil's original score is then paired with his later score, and a correlation coefficient is computed for the two series of tests. If the scores were due to chance, the resulting correlations would of course be .00. Actually they are nearly always above .80, and occasionally above .90. If Mr. Lippmann will make two one-thousand series of coin-tosses and then correlate the results of the two series by pairing first toss with first toss, second toss with second toss, etc., he will get, not .80 or .90, but .00, plus or minus a small probable error.

Sample No. 4. *The tests are doubtless useful in classifying school children, but this is no evidence that they test intelligence.*

Possibly it is not; or possibly it depends upon one's definition of intelligence. Most of us have uncritically taken it for granted that children who attend school eight or ten years without passing the fourth grade or surmounting long division, are probably stupider than children who lead their classes into high school at twelve years and into college at sixteen. Mr. Lippmann contends that we can't tell anything about how intelligent either one of these children is until he has lived out his life. Therefore, for a lifetime, at least, Mr. Lippmann considers his position impregnable!

Sample No. 5. *Although intelligence tests are capable of rendering valuable service in classifying school children, they are in great danger of becoming an "engine of cruelty" by being turned into "a method of stamping a permanent sense of inferiority upon the soul of the child." Nothing could be more contemptible than to—etc., etc.*

Mr. Lippmann does not charge that the tests have been thus abused, but that they easily could be. Very true; but they simply aren't. That is one of the recognized rules of the game. Isn't it funny what horrible possibilities an excited brain can conjure up? I recall a patient who had worked himself into a wretched stew from thinking how terrible it would be if butchers by concerted action all over the country, should suddenly take it into their heads to slaughter their unsuspecting customers. He was actually determined to get a law passed that would deprive these potential murderers of their edged and pointed tools.

Sample No. 6. *There is no proof that mental traits are inherited. Goddard thought he had proved it for mental deficiency, but Cattell questions his evidence. Galton thought he had proved it for genius, but Cattell doesn't seem to think much of that proof either.*

Note how cleverly Mr. Lippmann strives for

* Psychological Examining in the U. S. Army, p. 416.

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effect by playing off one psychologist against another. He resorts to this frequently. The trick is very simple; all you do is to take an isolated statement out of its original setting and quote it in a setting made to order. In that way you can have all the expert opinion on your side. Mr. Bryan is said to use this method with telling effect against the evolutionists. Not that psychologists don't sometimes disagree, even as doctors do. It would be a sorry outlook for their young science if they did not. But when the outsider comes along and tries to make capital out of such differences, it is well to be on one's guard. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it means that an unfair advantage is being taken both of the reader and of the author quoted. Think, for example, of Mr. Lippmann's quoting Cattell in support of his tirade against intelligence testing—Cattell, the pupil of Galton, the father of mentality testing in America, the inventor of new methods for the study of individual differences, the author of important studies (in progress) on the inheritance of genius!

Sample No. 7. (Main Allegation, asserted at least three times in every paragraph, always with signs of greatly increased blood pressure.) *The intelligence tests don't test pure intelligence. Any appearance to the contrary is due to "a subtle statistical illusion." The psychologist's assumption "that his questions and his puzzles can in fifty minutes isolate abstract intelligence is vanity." It is worse than vanity; it is an attempt to restore the "doctrine of predestination and infant damnation" in favor of an "intellectual caste system," etc., etc.*

It is evident that Jack has prepared an imposing giant for the slaughter. No matter that it is stuffed with straw or that it is set up in a fashion to make it the easy victim of a few vigorous puffs of superheated atmosphere. As a matter of fact, all the "intelligence testers" will readily agree with Mr. Lippmann that their tests do not measure simon pure intelligence, but always native ability plus other things, with no final verdict yet as to exactly how much the other things affect the score. However, nearly all the psychologists believe that native ability counts very heavily. Mr. Lippmann doesn't. He prefers to believe that more probably an individual's IQ is determined by what happens to him in the nursery before the age of four years, in connection with the "creative opportunities which the parents and nurse girls improved or missed or bungled"! After all, if our experiences in the nursery gave us our emotional complexes, as the Freudians say, why shouldn't they have determined our IQ's at the same time?

One wonders why Mr. Lippmann, holding this belief, did not suggest that we let up on higher education and pour our millions into kindergartens and nurseries. For, really and truly, high IQ's are not to be sneezed at. The difference between 150 IQ and 50 IQ is the difference between an individual who will be able, if he half tries, to graduate from college with Phi Beta Kappa honors at twenty, and an individual who at that age can hardly do long division, make change for four cents out of twenty-five or name the months of the year. Even the difference betwen 100 IQ and 75 IQ is the difference between the ability to graduate from high school or possibly from college, and inability to do even first year of high school work satisfactorily.

And just to think that we have been allowing all sorts of mysterious, uncontrolled, chance influences in the nursery to mould children's IQ's, this way and that way, right before our eyes. It is high time that we were investigating the IQ effects of different kinds of baby-talk, different versions of Mother Goose, and different makes of pacifiers and safety pins. If there is any possibility of identifying, weighing and bringing under control these IQ stimulants and depressors, we can well afford to throw up every other kind of scientific research until the job is accomplished. That problem once solved, the rest of the mysteries of the universe would fall easy prey before our made-to-order IQ's of 180 or 200.

Does not Mr. Lippmann owe it to the world to abandon his rôle of critic and to enter this enchanting field of research? He may safely be assured that if he unravels the secret of turning low IQ's into high ones, or even into moderately higher ones, his fame and fortune are made. If he could guarantee to raise certified 100's to certified 140's, or even certified 80's to certified 100's, nothing but premature death or the discovery and publication of his secret would keep him out of the Rockefeller-Ford class if he cared to achieve it. I know of a certain modern Croesus who alone would probably be willing to start him off with ten or twenty million if he could only raise one particular little girl from about 60 to 70 to a paltry 100 or so. Of course, if this man had only understood the secrets of "creative opportunity" in the nursery, he might have had all this and more for nothing. Who knows but if the matter were put up to him in the right way he would be willing to endow for Mr. Lippmann a Bureau of Nursery Research for the Enhancement of the IQ?

If Mr. Lippmann gets this Bureau started there are several questions I shall want to submit to it for solution. Some of these have been bothering me for a long time. One is, why both high and low IQ's are so often found in children of the

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same family and of the same nursery. To be sure, parental habits change more or less as children come and grow up; nurse girls arrive and depart; toys wear out. The problem admittedly is complex, but by successive experiments in which one factor after another was kept constant while the others were varied, the evil and beneficent influences might gradually be sorted out.

Next, I should want to propose a minute comparative study of the influences operative in our California Japanese nurseries and those of our California Portuguese. Here is mystery enough to challenge any group of scientists Mr. Lippmann can get together, for notwithstanding the apparent similarity of nursery environment in the two cases, the IQ results are markedly different. Our average Portuguese child carries through school and into life an IQ of about 80; the average Japanese child soon develops an IQ not far below that of the average California white child of Nordic descent. In this case the nurse girl factor is eliminated; one might almost say, the nursery itself. But of course there are the toys, which are more or less different. It is also conceivable that the more liquid Latin tongue exerts a sedative effect on infants' minds as compared with the harsher Japanese language, which may be stimulating in comparison.

Another problem would relate to the IQ resemblance of identical twins as compared with that of fraternal twins. The latest and most extensive investigation of this problem* indicates a considerably greater IQ resemblance for the former than for the latter. This is a real poser; which I leave to Mr. Lippmann without attempting an explanation.

LEWIS M. TERMAN.

* By a Stanford student and not yet published.

Temples

Lord or no Lord, a temple is established
Among the gorges of the Yang-tsze River,
Another where Himalayan Ranges vanish,
And one where Kilauea's tripods quiver.

The Alps are ready for Him and the Rockies
And the most breathless tip of Fuji-san;
The columns of the Canyon blind His mockers;
The Poles are trumpets in an angel's hand.

Mojave and Sahara smooth His coming;
Zambesi and Niagara pour His wine;
Lord or no Lord, His gathered altars, doming,
Bow down before Him in a nightly line

And burn in sacrifice, for manifest,
The consummated Temple of the West.

WITTER BYNNER.

White Magic

ALL of a sudden, when he is sitting at work or aimlessly musing, or wakeful in the night, he knows his visitor has come. She is well inside the room, though not clear to his perceiving. She tells him her message, bending over him. As soon as she has said what she came to tell, she reaches her hand to her dim sisters hovering beyond the door. Already he has become aware of something faintly luminous, too vague for form, at the entrance. White things with wings they seem to him, like the one already with him. She helps them over the threshold, one and another. Sometimes they throng in, too many for welcoming, each one insistent for his attention. In the mingled whispering, he catches a half sentence from one, and a phrase from another, and while he is dashing down bits of what they say, one who has signalled for attention and who has been crowded back by her sisters will silently go away, not to return, grieved that her message was not deemed of first importance.

If an interruption comes from the world of men, they one and all take flight, leaving him with nothing but a sound of the receding beat of wings, and a light laughter on the air. He says, "They never were here at all." But he knows that they were. Sometimes they stumble in coming over the threshold and their utterance is hurried and indistinct, so that he has to fill in later out of his own head the broken portions of what they told him. They never repeat. He must catch their soft syllables as they fall.

They are imperious, for all their gentle speech and noiseless flight. The only way he can please them is to give great attention and bend busily to his pencil. They do not care to have him talk with them. They come from somewhere a great way off, to bring him their message. And as soon as they have uttered it, they leave. Their longest visit is as if they had turned to go as soon as they had floated in to him. They seem to fear lest he should try to capture them and find out who they are and who sent them. They are impersonal in all their delicate ways, sensitive, but remote. They have little friendship for him, only the willingness to tell him their tidings, if he is instantly alert, and very diligent in transcribing.

If his reception of the first visitor is cold, he never sees the others. She hurries out, and warns them away. Sometimes, he is sleepy, and tries to remember what she said without jumping up and with deference jotting it down. This will not do for her. Always, then, she forbids the others to enter. And, very often, she rubs out from his

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mind what she has said, so that when he rises in the morning, and goes tardy to his pad and pencil, there is not a syllable left of what she came so far to tell. And she never comes again with that particular message. When he finds that blank in his mind, he wonders what she and her followers would have told him—perhaps the very best news of all.

If she signals him in the street, it is a sign instantly withdrawn, for she permits no mortals to be present to spy on her when she brings tidings. He knows then that he must search hastily for shelter, wherever he is—sometimes the deserted corner of a railway waiting-room or a quiet table at a restaurant. If she sees him obedient and doing his best to find cover and privacy, she will delay. A few times she has made her visit in the bright day and out of doors, but only when it was a lonely street or a country road, where he could seize an envelope and lay it on his knee as he sat on fence or doorstep. He must let her see that he is humbly ready, and that plainly there is no indoor retreat to be had. After he has done his best and begun to copy out her words, sometimes a worldling comes. She vanishes. But she may return, if he has been short with the intruder and turned him away at once. For she understands just the measure of his welcome to her.

She and her companions leave him to work out what they have said, once they have seen him take it down. They are plainly sure of its importance, but careless of whether he is wise enough to make use of it. Sometimes it is aerial, like their own insubstantial presence. Then, long after they are gone, he must supply ballast and underpinning. Sometimes it lacks sagacity, as if it had become mingled with shreds of mist on the way. Once it was altogether nonsense, though they had been peculiarly earnest in the delivery. He wondered if they had come a long distance that evening, and grown weary in flight, and so had spoiled their tidings. Or was it just possible they had planned the jest at his expense? He did not believe it. Their high seriousness forbade it.

He learned to love them. But not for that did he gain one inch on their impersonal demeanor, their impatience to be off. Were they only messengers? And did they carry their story from some yet lovelier being, and lose a little in the bringing, and alter a little in the telling? Or was the news their own news? Would they ever come and stay with him? And if they came to stay, could they always talk at ease, or did they, too, have their silences?

In early days, they came only a few times in the dreary year. While he could not, even yet, win from them signs of friendliness, one gain he did make. He turned his life from foolish hustle in the outer world, and devoted himself more heartily to making ready for them, knowing not in what hour they would come, and so holding all times prepared. And for doing this thing, they rewarded him by coming more often, and staying a little longer.

ARTHUR GLEASON.

Tante Barbara Goes Back

TANTE BARBARA has spent a summer in the land of her childhood, the land she left thirty years ago, a round-eyed girl of seventeen, to come to golden America. Once that land was "Home," but now the word is reserved for her happy, busy apartment in the Bronx, with her children and her man. Sometimes she refers to the village near Worms, in Hessen-Darmstadt as "The old home" but it is an empty phrase of respect. She will never go back again. She doesn't regret her summer, even though it took her three years to save the money which is now all gone — whoo! — in steamer fares and train fares and presents for the nieces and nephews in Germany and presents brought back to the sons in New York. But once is enough. It is too sad to see those comrades of your youth, whom you had treasured in your heart as stripling lads and tender lasses, now old, withered, ugly men and women.

It was all a surprise for her sisters and her brothers, who knew nothing of her coming. The family had stopped writing back and forth when the war made communication first difficult and then impossible. Asking no favors of anyone, Tante Barbara crossed the ocean and took train from Hamburg, and another train from Worms, and got down at her own village. Outside the station she met a woman and a little girl and asked for her sister by name. "It's the next village," said the woman. "I don't know her myself, but I've heard of her often and often." The little girl spoke up with "I know the house," and described it. So Tante Barbara thanked them and walked the mile to the next village. She didn't ask her way again, for she feared a crowd would follow her. She found the place easily enough. The door stood open and she could see the family at dinner. "Now don't get excited, here's Barbara back from America," she said as she walked in. (She was awkward at first in her use of the old speech, for thirty years is thirty years. But it soon came back to her.) After a

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few broken explanations, and some tears, they were pretty calm. There was her sister and her brother and the brother's wife whom she had never met, though she had been a member of the family for twenty-five years and had borne eight children, six living. "And that's all there was to it," says Tante Barbara, back in New York, sitting in the best rocker, resplendent in her traveling dress, telling the story to us admiring neighbors who have come in to hear her adventures.

Did the others in the village remember her? Oh, sure; the old folks were all dead, of course, but plenty who played with her as a child were there and glad to see her. She visited all around, five villages up and down the railway. She was a sensation in that quiet Hessen-Darmstadt backwater. The little children followed her about the streets, this wonderful person from wonderful America. They called her Daler-Tante (Dollar-Aunt). Everyone wanted to go back with her to New York, especially the young girls.

Did they show no bitterness because of the war, Tante Barbara?

They spoke very sadly of the war, and so many young men dead and the others crippled, but they were not bitter. "Your President promised us a fair peace, and then you didn't help to get it," they said. But they knew that Tante Barbara couldn't help that, any more than they in Hessen-Darmstadt could help the foolish things done by that so-wicked Kaiser.

So-wicked, Tante Barbara? Don't they want him back, or another one?

Not in my village, says Tante Barbara. They say that's one good thing anyhow, that old Kaiser gone. We have a republic now, that's better. Times are hard—oh, terribly hard—but that's not the government's fault. It is doing all it can. Wicked France is to blame for the hard times. The village hates France. Before, they used French words—"adieu" or "achee" but now it is always "auf wiedersehen."

Next to France, they hate Siberia. Some of the boys from Hessen-Darmstadt were captured by the Russians and sent to Siberian prison camps, where their treatment was so awful that even Tante Barbara burns with second-hand indignation at the memory of it. There was a boy from her village who had his eyes gouged out, as a punishment for breaking some rule. He was shipped home at last, and when his mother saw him, she dropped dead. Well, she had a weak heart, it is true; but still you can't forget a thing like that, says Tante Barbara.

Who started the war? That old Kaiser, say most of the villagers. There is no monarchical sentiment in Hessen-Darmstadt, that Tante Barbara could see. The only defenders of the Kaiser, she was told, are the German-Americans who came to the United States before the war and now write back reproaching their kinsfolk for their republicanism.

Most of the hatred of France is due to the acts of French troops in the occupied territory, and especially the colored troops, says Tante Barbara. She has seen the little mulatto babies playing in the streets, the children of German girls violated by Negro soldiers.

How many babies, Tante Barbara?

Well, not many; a few. But she has heard, too, of innumerable affronts put upon the people. There was the owner of a factory, the richest man in his village. He had such a beautiful home, grounds, gardens. They threw him out of his house when the troops first came, leaving him to find quarters for his family as best he might; and they have never given it back to him. Do they not pay him for the house? Tante Barbara does not know, but even if they do, it is his home. It is hard, when your home is taken away.

Yes, but Tante Barbara, think of the homes the German army took away, or destroyed altogether, in France and Belgium. Think of the Belgium atrocities.

That's true, says Tante Barbara, who is a good American with Liberty Bonds, and a Hoover food card still hanging in her kitchen. But those atrocities now—her village in Hessen-Darmstadt doesn't believe they were committed. "You know us Germans," says her nephew, who fought through the war as a private. "A German wouldn't do such things." The whole village echoes him.

And certainly, the village is paying for the war. You can't think how hard they work, says Tante Barbara. Every able-bodied man and woman goes into Worms on the train every morning and spends eight hours in the factories there. They come home on the train again, and drink a cup of malt coffee, and then go out into the fields and work until it is too dark to see. In summer, that means another eight hours' labor.

The village is surrounded by farms but there is not food enough for the people. When Tante Barbara walked in on her family, they were having the chief meal of the day—potatoes in their jackets and clabbered milk. The whole village lives mostly on soup, with wine and beer. The wine is fairly good; but they all grumble about the beer. Her sister makes soup from potato peelings, or bread crusts, or anything at all. For a family of ten she buys one-half a pound of meat a week. That's not enough, says Tante Barbara who serves steak

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or roast or chops every night for her family's supper in the Bronx. Her sister is well-to-do, she has a cow. The authorities compel her, however, to sell a large part of the milk at a fixed price to the milk station where it is distributed to poor people with children. This is not a charity—the poor pay for their milk, and are glad to have the chance.

Tante Barbara couldn't eat their bread, at first. Rye bread in America is whiter than the white bread of Hessen-Darmstadt, she says. To buy at all, you must have a bread card from the government, and it only allows you about one-half as much as you need, with the children and all.

I kept making mistakes about the ages of my little nieces and nephews, says Tante Barbara. A child of six or seven looks to be only four. They have big bones, but there's no flesh on them. My sister, she is younger than I am. In the old days she was the prettiest little girl in the village. Now she looks a hundred years old, all wrinkled and shriveled up. Well, I'm no spring chicken myself, laughs Tante Barbara who knows very well that she is a fine, handsome woman and doesn't at all look as though she were approaching fifty.

What does the village do to amuse itself? Not much of anything. There are no automobiles save among the very wealthy; you will see perhaps three or four in the course of a day. A family will go to a café and spend the evening listening to the music. There is a movie theatre in the village — they showed the Dempsey-Carpentier fight this summer—but the price is so high that few can afford it. When Tante Barbara was there the admission was 75 marks, and 50 marks more for the government tax. Then they reduced the admission to 65 marks and raised the tax to 75—which didn't help much, she observed. One thing that she missed was American ice-cream, which is unknown. They serve water ices, but Tante Barbara found them a poor substitute. All in all, the village is a very quiet, hard-working place. Even the church bells which used to make such a clatter on Sunday morning are gone. They were all taken away during the war, and to replace them is, of course, out of the question.

When Tante Barbara was there, the mark was not sinking as fast as it is now. It was worth 1,000 to the dollar, but wages lagged a long way behind the alteration in purchasing power. It takes a girl six months, employed at housework, to earn the money for a pair of shoes. And things get worse all the time.

What's going to be the end, Tante Barbara? What's going to become of all of them?

"I don't know," says Tante Barbara, shaking her head.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Citizen Tom

MY first sight of President C— was in the telephone booth of a railway junction. "Hello, President C— speaking," he said. And then a moment later a tall, broad man in a blue serge suit with heavily padded shoulders, his hair red, his features large and decisive and full of a kind of foolish strength, emerged and stood looking up and down the station, large, firm, like a swelling piece of civic virtue. I knew the outlines of the president's career. He had been first a baseball player of renown, he had then entered the ministry, and now after several years of service had become the president of a New England college. In this state, I had been told, his athletic piety and direct manhood had made him adored. There were, as might be expected nowadays, some restless and reddish students who rebelled at President C—'s quality and influence; the majority of the college body took him for their ideal.

President C— and I became acquainted not long after this first sight I had of him. We sat together on a government educational commission, a left-over from the war. He never talked easily or was able to flow into simple human connections with other men, but he frequently conducted a monologue or crashed into debate. And so, in the course of things, I had a chance to learn his theory of education.

I am not sure that I ever understood it quite, but the gist of it, as I gathered when I stripped it of its eloquence and vigor, was this—The purpose of education is making men. A man among men. It makes leaders of men, however, also. The ideal education develops both mind and body, mens sana in corpore sano. Men learn to mix by being at college. Nothing teaches them to mix with their fellow men so well as athletics, as clean contest. Let us never forget the noble exercise of the mind! President C— himself might never have been able to mingle with men if it had not been for baseball. It had saved him. College men learn to be men not so much through book learning as through their freshman experiences, the rough and tumble of the dormitories. College connections are valuable in after-life. The purpose of education is to make of young men citizens.

These, as the world must know by now, for he has expanded them into many addresses, were President C—'s theories of education.

I have a friend, or rather a friend of the family, who sent her son last year to President C—'s college, partly because it is well known, partly to get him into the country and out of New York. Tom, the son, by some maternal engineering, by caresses and spanks and bribes, had been got through preparatory schools, and rather miraculously past the test of college entrance requirements. That was last year.

A week or two ago I met President C— on the street; he is naturally on another commission and had run down to New York for the meeting. We talked as we walked along Park Avenue. Finally I asked,

"What about my friend Mrs. L—'s boy, President C—? He is at your college, isn't he?"

A look of disgust came over the president's face.

"L—" he said, "Oh, that chap? I think I remember him; I make an effort to keep our men individually in mind. I was gravely disappointed in the course he pursued in college. You can see he is a shy boy, with some ability, the dean tells me, if he would apply himself. But he made a total failure of it. He neglected his grades. He did not know how to mix with the men. He took

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no part in athletics or the life of the college. No fraternity invited him to join. He wasted the year. In the spring he decided to leave. I urged him to remain. Buckle down, I said. Play the game. If he had stayed, a fraternity would have asked him to be a member undoubtedly, he was not a bad-looking youth. But he was unapproachable apparently. He disregarded my opinion and left college."

"But suppose," I ventured, "Tom never wanted to be one of the college men? Why distort what he is, to be like the others? There must be a man now and then who learns little from fraternity life, or from having freshmen rub molasses in his hair and keep him up all night, don't you think? For many men your college scheme may be quite right, but why not grant men who may be different their own kind of thing?"

"This college experience will teach them the life of the race," the president said—though here I can only quote his words without quite following his meaning— "L— never gave himself the chance."

"The chance for what, President C—?" I asked.

"A chance for learning to live among his fellow men."

"But what's the use of learning to live with men if you can't live with yourself?"

President C— looked at me patiently and powerfully like a big, fine, influential spirit. I could see him judging me as a man of little weight. I shifted the subject slightly. I asked what Tom was doing this year, if he had not returned to college.

"L—" the president replied, "so the dean tells me, wrote in answer to the questionnaire that the college sends out in August, that he had entered a theatre school."

President C— was silent. I looked at him silent and swollen like that, he seemed to me like a platitude at prayer. But I knew that what had happened was that Tom, timid, wrapped in his own world, dreaming, vague, useless if you like, had got under the president's skin. It hit the president's vanity to fail of even so negligible a worshipper.

"And how has he done?" I asked.

"Now that I can't tell you. We can probably imagine."

"Is it a good theatre school, I wonder?" I said, tentatively.

President C— had no way of knowing that either. But he told me the exact name of the place— Tom, I reflected, had indeed impressed him.

"But that," I said, "is only around the corner more or less. What do you think, shall we run in and see what is going on?"

President C— looked at me a moment and decided.

"By the living God I will," he said. I knew of old that admirable oath of his, in which by putting in the living you take out the profanity. "I've never seen one of these places."

Neither had I and I said as much. And we started off to find Tom's school.

But I had seen art schools full of students. I began to think gleefully of those students coming on the run every morning and staying till the last light had faded and the janitors pulled down the blinds. And then the talk, talk, talk, looking at one another's work, criticizing, intense, happy with the head and hands working together, believing in art, in the future, delighting in the world. Many of these students were without talent, many lazy, many destined to clerkships; but for the time they moved in a happy, breathless, believing atmosphere. Then I thought of the colleges, with their muddled aims, their exhorting grades, their rules, degrees and prizes to keep the thing going. I thought of those bored groups of men around fraternity house fires, the victrola grinding, tobacco smoke rising—a scene sweetly remembered years afterward but at the time rather flat—how little it connected with the life of the mind, with the life of human thought! Some of these college men study, some love learning, some find stimulation in a handful of professors who are hated by the faculty at large. But all are encouraged by the dean, the alumni, the fraternities and the class spirit, to hold college offices, to be leaders with buttons and pennants, to compete, to fill the time. The art school was busy, but had to get on with mere art and high hopes, it had no baseball, class honors, clubs, or letters for sweaters and caps. These sweet thoughts made me feel more gently toward President C—. I was relying on the tone of the theatre school to take him down.

We entered the school to the sound of a tremendous hammering and talking. In the hallway there was a class in diction. In the auditorium itself there was a pantomime rehearsing; and on the stage someone was directing a scene from a play. Over in a far corner they were painting scenery, and two men lay sprawled on the floor around a drawing. We were presently introduced to the director. Was it always like this, we asked? Was everyone always at it? From nine in the morning until eleven at night, said the director. There were lessons in literature, in diction, fencing, dancing, stage decoration. There were rehearsals, and every night there was a performance of one-act plays, for the students must get the theatre endurance. Few of them would ever be distinguished artists, but everyone worked, there was so much to be learned.

And how was Mr. Tom L— getting on? we asked.

The director beamed. Mr. L—, he said, was one of the lights of the school. He came early and stayed late. He was insatiable, he killed himself trying to learn everything. And his acting was very promising; he had in comedy a certain wistful quality that ought to go far. We might find Tom, the director said, in the basement somewhere, he was experimenting with stage lighting.

We came upon Tom on his knees with a reflecting apparatus. He was rather pale and a little thinner perhaps but his eyes were shining. He gesticulated, swept out a note-book with designs, he led us around to his machines, he chattered about his plans. "Believe me," he said, "it's a great life if you don't weaken."

Meanwhile I watched President C—. He was very reserved, very kind, in the few things he said he took a tone of national encouragement. What a big, manly spirit he represented there among the lighting machines and painted sets. And I could see that he still wanted to be the boy's ideal.

As for me I was shamelessly thrilled over seeing a man find what he wanted. I felt encouraged, set up, sentimental. On the street again a moment later I could still see that young face, a dreamer's, an artist's. He was like a blossoming tree, he was like a child listening to music.

I lost my sense of humor and began to say to President C— how splendid it was to see a chap discover like this his education and his happiness together.

The president said nothing.

I persisted. Did he not think so?

"Probably," he assented. "But still—"

"But still—?"

The president, knitting his brows together, measured his words:

"I question his judgment, nevertheless," he said. "What of his citizenship?"

STARK YOUNG.

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Napoleon III

The Second Empire, by Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth $5.00; leather $13.00.

MR. GUEDALLA'S book will often be pronounced "brilliant;" and perhaps this word alone sums up both its merits and its defects. The brilliance is chiefly that of a witty and allusive style, qualities of which the author is in a position to make effective use, and under the temptation to overdo, because he has conveniently at hand much information of an illustrative and decorative importance. He is seemingly never at a loss for any desired odd bit of detail relating to manners, costume, cosmetics, furniture, medallions or boots; never lacks the apt anecdote, rumor, witticism or indiscretion. Upon these facts he draws freely, by casual reference or allusion inviting them to take their appropriate place in the narrative. Sometimes perhaps the wit and the recondite allusion seem to serve no other purpose than to reveal the author's competence in such matters; but more commonly the purpose is the legitimate one of making vivid the personalities of past times, of creating an "atmosphere," through which the events of those days may take on for the reader something of that bright or fateful illusion which they had for contemporaries. As an example, take the following passage.

> The Second Empire was essentially Parisian; and as the war with Russia trailed away into incoherence, Paris once more became the centre of the world. The crowds went by in the Champs Elysées to see the Exhibition, and the billowy proliferation of the crinoline was beginning to undulate the imagination of M. Constantin Guys, whilst the harassed bourgeois of the comic papers stepped warily around its outer edges. The sightseers stood staring at the marvels of science in the Palais de L'Industrie; but it was all a shade more modish, a thought less improving, than the gleaming monument of good intentions with which Prince Albert had obliterated Hyde Park four years before. It was a rustling age of millinery and dance-music. At Fontainebleau someone turned the handle of a mechanical organ as the couples swung round the ball room, because, as the Emperor said, an orchestra was so awkward: "Ils racontent ce qu'ils ont vu ou ce qu'ils n'ont pas vu." They danced at Court or posed in fancy dress for M. Gavarni to draw them. They danced at the Bal Mabille and Valentino, and the town was beginning to sway to the measure which swung and quickened and rose until the Second Empire danced to an air of Offenbach out of the gas light into the cruel sunshine of 1870. (p. 255)

Mr. Guedalla's Napoleon is a man of uncertain ability, educated to silence and shrewdness and a mastery of enigmatic phrases during his years of exile and imprisonment. Until 1852 he had a definite purpose, which was to re-establish the Empire; that purpose once achieved, he no longer knew what he had to do: "At forty-five, a pallid man with dull eyes, he was Emperor of the French. . . . But the star flickered and failed, since in attaining his purpose he had lost it; it was the tragedy of an arriviste who had arrived." (p. 242). Yet as his early purpose had always been fortified by a belief in his "destiny," afterwards, although he ceased to have a purpose, he continued to believe in his destiny. Therefore he drifted pleasantly, never in a hurry (Il ne faut rien brusquer), trusting to his star to light the way. I think that Napoleon's purpose was often (in the case of Italy, for example) clearer in his own mind than Mr. Guedalla will allow us to think—a purpose which might have succeeded had the Emperor not had to deal with two men infinitely cleverer than himself in the machiavellian art. But thus it is that Mr. Guedalla pictures Napoleon for us: taking events as they came, making fateful decisions with a negligent and casual air, very much as he might choose his cigarettes, contemplating the future, not with the worried look of a man who could not foresee anything, but with the indifference of a man who was assured that he did not need to.

The style employed by Mr. Guedalla is admirably suited, and perhaps deliberately chosen, to enforce this theory (unless the theory was unconsciously found convincing because suited to the style). It runs along pleasantly, as the Emperor lived, with no harsh notes or loud noises, carrying the reader through the soft Indian summer undisturbed and unperturbed save for an occasional far away rumble of disastrous omens. The method is effective for its purpose; but one feels either that there is too much of it, or that Mr. Guedalla has confined himself too much to the task of revealing Napoleon's state of mind. It is well to convey the casual air with which Napoleon made fatal decisions; but if the dramatic quality of these decisions is to be effectively exhibited the reader should not be left with a blurred impression of the events (in Italy and Germany, for example) which made the decisions vital ones. Napoleon may have been casual and nonchalant; Cavour and Bismarck were not. The defect is that Mr. Guedalla narrates the great events of history in the same way that he describes a half-conscious and transitory state of mind—by allusion, casual reference, veiled innuendo.

Mr. Guedalla's book has been compared with Strachey's Queen Victoria. The purpose is much the same—to re-create the personality of actual characters by means of skilful historical narrative. Yet the difference in style and in the handling of material is great. Apropos of the Queen's distress over the conduct of the Prince of Wales, Mr. Strachey writes:

> It was clear that the heir to the throne was mixing with people of whom she did not at all approve. What was to be done? She saw that it was not only her son that was to blame—that it was the whole system of society; and so she dispatched a letter to Mr. Delane, the editor of the Times, asking him if he would "frequently *write* articles pointing out the *immense* danger and evil of the wretched frivolity and levity of the views and lives of the Higher Classes." And five years later Mr. Delane did write an article upon that very subject. Yet it seemed to have very little effect.

This is another manner altogether.

CARL BECKER.

Command

Command, by William McFee. New York: Doubleday Page & Company. $1.90.

MR. McFEE dedicates Command to "those commanders under whom the author has had the honor to serve, who have achieved firmness without asperity, tact and sympathy without interference, and appreciation without fuss." His story is by no means an exemplification of these virtues. The central figure, Mr. Spokesly, is only a mate, and his approach to command is through the London School of Mnemonics, in which he has progressed to the sixth chapter on How to Dominate Your Friends. His relations with his commanders, of whom he is profoundly

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distrustful, form but a minor thread in the story, of which his subjection to woman is the chief. And this introduces to us the dominant figure of Evanthia Solaris, whose purposes he serves for a season. Spokesly is l'homme moyen sensuel whose aspirations to command are pathetic and laughable. Evanthia Solaris is a born queen—a Eustacia Vye of the Levant, and like her prototype of Egdon Heath, her kingdom is the hearts of men.

> She was aware that this man, come up out of the sea like some fabled monster of old, to do her bidding, was the victim of her extraordinary personality; yet she never forgot that his admiration, his love, his devotion, his skill, his endurance, were no more than her rightful claim. Incomparably equipped for a war with fate, she regarded men always as the legionaries of her enemy.

She rules by the passion which she feels and inspires and despises. Her war cry is Je deteste les hommes.

> She stood there, a man's arm flung tensely about her, another man cautiously working the boat in beneath where she stood, the blood and tissues of her body nourished by the exertions of other men, meditating intently upon the swinish proclivities of men. She even trembled slightly at the thought of those proclivities, and the man beside her held her more closely and soothed her with a gentle caress because he imagined she was the victim of a woman's timidity.

Evanthia commands Spokesly because she is nearer to the elemental forces than the pupil of the London School of Mnemonics; but stronger even than Evanthia is the irresistible push of things. The war is the background of the story, the war in its most desultory phase in the eastern Mediterranean and the Aegean. Against that background of crass casuality there is little difference between the futility of Spokesly and the official competence of his commanders. There were in fact no commanders. Of the English command at Saloniki, Mr. McFee records the failure to secure a complete view of the world on the war. "If they could collar stores from some other front or from their allies, it was all one to them." "They never spoke of private affairs except to some man of their own class who had been to one of the great public schools. For them the war was a war to perpetuate this social hierarchy, to place it once more upon an impregnable base." And their failure and the end of the war and the end of the world through the lapse of command is predicted by the German, Liethenthal:

> "Europe is dying. The war, the war is only a superficial disturbance. The trouble is deeper than the mud of Flanders, my friend. Europe is dying because her inspiration, her ideals, are gone. . . . The old fidelities are departing. And when they are all dead, and Europe is a vast cesspool of republicans engaged in mutual extermination, what will happen then do you think?"

It would be a sad error to imply that Command is a thesis novel. On the contrary the story unrolls itself as a simple narrative of events with an artless dependence on each other, interrupted by disaster, which is thoroughly disarming. The author's detachment is complete. He does not construct his story; it merely happens. He does not create his characters; they are there awaiting his comment. In this Mr. McFee follows Conrad, but without the latter's elaborate and self-conscious alibi. Mr. McFee has achieved an indifference, a nonchalance, an aplomb which are quite the perfect manner of the novelist. But it would be naïve not to suspect behind this ingenuousness a theme of which the story of ships and commanders is a simple statement; and to which the background of a world heaving and yawing like a gigantic derelict, is a choric response.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Speaking of By-Products

Rootabaga Stories, by Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. $2.00.

THIS book for kids looks like it was a by-product of what the highbrows call Sandburg's Muse. Like most by-products it is put up flossy and advertised special. The publisher's ad man has a line about "folk stories" and "the soil of American life" and "the beginning of an imaginative American literature"—whatever that means—but the author omits the college stuff and just runs on about the Ax family (Gimme the Ax, Please Gimme, Ax Me No Questions and Gimme the Ax Again), about such nuts as Any Ice Today and Jason Squiff, the cistern cleaner, and about Poker Face the baboon and Hot Dog the tiger—and he's no blind tiger neither.

There's a lot more characters—some funny, some fancy and some mixed—and all their names are printed separate in front of their stories, like in a movie. At first they don't do nothing much but go to old-fashioned places like the Village of Cream Puffs and stick round Main Street in a tank town called Liver-and-Onions. They travel in trains, all right, with long tickets and everything, but their stuff is old—pigs with bibs on, and such—so it's quite a while before you know where you're at. Then just about when any regular kid would decide he wasn't no place at all and begin thinking about his radio on the sly, he hears a chummy "attaboy, li'l bunny" and learns that mascots never stay long and meets a circus man with lots of spot cash money. After that—well, you can take it from me nothing but dope could put him by-by till he found out what happened when two sky-scrapers got the bug of having a baby and how the Committee of Sixty-Six got the animals' tails back onto them by junketing from the union depot in Philadelphia to the weather headquarters in Medicine Hat.

I guess this guy Sandburg must of got up against it one night for bedtime stories and started in making them up on lines the mothers favored when he was a kid—ladies that knew their place, and it was in the home. I guess he figured he could put across any cute little idea that popped into his head by just slicking it up with some of the stuff going to waste in his poetry factory, and then repeating it over and over so's the kiddies could get it. Right there's where he missed his step. Of course, he may of got interested in his by-product and improved it on his own hook. More'n likely, though, th audience didn't—maybe they went to sleep on him! Anyways, he commenced getting busy with the world the young ones really live in, and that's not many million light-years off from the one us old ones live in.

Take the case of Bimbo the Snip. He forgot and thumbed his nose at the iceman just as the wind changed. So his thumb stuck there. And his father, Bevo the Hike, just naturally had to chase all over town after the ward alderman, the barn boss of the street cleaning department, the head vaccinator of the health department and the big main

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fixer of the weather bureau before he got wise that a traffic cop was all the doctor Kid Bimbo needed. Of course the cop had to leave an understudy at the crossing; so Bevo went to the zoo and got him a monkey. Even then the game would of been crabbed if the widow of a ditch-digger who'd croaked in a sewer explosion wouldn't of took pity on him and told him where he could borrow a ladder and whistle to make the monk into a sure-enough cop.

After Sandburg put in a lot a hard work of this kind he got up a book that's funny without always breaking its back to get the laugh and poetical (not that it's printed that way) without depending on grand-stand plays and grand-opera parleyvoo. But he never would of pulled it off by just going through the motions of fairy-telling like he was at first. Kids know what's what quicker than they get credit for, and grown-ups that don't know what's what in Fairyland had ought to keep off the grass—trying to put over what ain't by talking high, wide and handsome only leaves the kids, as it were, silenced but not convinced. Fairyland's got its own constitution and by-laws and ground rules, and you have to know something about them if you want to be a star reporter there.

At that, it's a question nowadays whether any Fairyland correspondent has a cinch on the first page of the Kids' Daily Interest. There's so much competition between science, sport and travel—history too, since Doc Van Loon tumbled that we're all kids when it comes to history—that the wise ones will look for the news from Fairyland on the magazine page of the home edition, along with all the other mental relaxations of the Tired Business Child. But if Sandburg really done his stuff as a by-product, he should worry about that. And if by and by his publishers wire him that the Daily Interest wants some copy to feature on the first page under a two-column banner, he hadn't ought to credit the order to Fairyland but to the wise cracks he made at the cuckoo world we all got to live in, kids the same as grown-ups. Then maybe, if he brackets his shots close enough, he'll get to make the first page every trip—something his poems never done. 'Twouldn't be the first time a by-product opened up a bigger market than the original article: it ain't on record that the so-called learned books of the guys that wrote Alice in Wonderland and The Story of Mankind ever made the best-seller list. So being a by-product ain't nothing against Rootabaga Stories. Chances are the Child's Garden of Verses and the Just So Stories started in life that way.

As for the ad man's hot air—well, if S' Matter Pop and Krazy Kat and the lingo of the bus and phone talkers is "folk" stuff, then these here are American "folk stories," though they got more Peer Gynt in them than Uncle Remus or Buffalo Bill. Dollar watches and cigar-store Indians and zig-zag fences and Golden Spike Limited trains may be the "soil of American life;" but you know a soil by what you can grow in it, and some of Sandburg's plants are pretty foreign-looking for all their having backyard names. About that "beginning of an imaginative American literature" it is to laugh. Hundred percent or not, Rootabaga Stories, just like Carl's poetry, is imaginative literature—part of the time. The rest of the time he hands you the makings and you got to roll your own.

It's funny, but when a blurb makes a noise like the "beginning" of anything it sounds just like that old blaa about the "great American novel." *Beginning*—after Rip Van Winkle and Br'er Rabbit and Huckleberry Finn and Dr. Dolittle and . . . ! But, say, you tell them, kids—you've been kidded before.

CLARENCE BRITTEN.

Joining in Public Discussion

Joining in Public Discussion, Volume I, The Workers' Bookshelf, by Alfred Dwight Sheffield. Published for the Workers' Education Bureau of America. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $1.25 in cloth; $.50 in paper.

THE editors of the Workers' Bookshelf have set the pace for educational book-writers. Three centuries have passed since Francis Bacon issued his famous dictum: "Books must follow sciences and not sciences books," but the wisdom of this suggestion has been neglected by authors and publishers alike. Now that the workers have rediscovered this simple truth and have embodied it as a guiding principle, we may look forward hopefully to a new and more vital educational literature.

Joining in Public Discussion is a striking achievement in more ways than one. In the first place, it fulfills its promises; it actually does what its introduction says it aims to do. It assumes a thoroughgoing scientific attitude toward facts and problems. It uses simple language. It bases its material upon genuine human experience. And it is scholarly. I have attempted to compare this work with other textbooks familiar to me, and I can think of only two which deserve to be classified in the same category. Writers, publishers and teachers will do well to study the technique and the style of this new venture in educational literature.

My enthusiasm for this book is so intense that I must leave to others the task of discovering and pointing out its shortcomings. My estimate of the book increased after I had tested it in the class-room with two types of students. It reads well, but what is far more important, it actually performs; it is usable and fruitful in the hands of students.

How shall the thought of the worker become incorporated in the complex movements and expressions of democracy in modern, industrialized society? This is a question of paramount importance. Professor Sheffield proposes an answer in terms of modern social psychology. His answer is in reality a condensed expression of the purposes and objectives which lie back of the entire workers' education movement. He might have chosen to respond to this query in the usual, academic and theoretical fashion, but happily he had taught in a workers' school, and this salutary experience is graphically revealed in his book.

Joining in Public Discussion means the abandonment of the methods of the crowd. It means an actual joining and not a mere overcoming of one group by the other in terms of brute force. It means contributing to the social process through the medium of sound ideas effectively expressed. Observers with historical perspective now know that ideas ultimately rule the world, but how shall one know how to recognize and discover right ideas? Only by bringing them in contact with other ideas, plus the experimental testing in the real situations of life. The processes according to which ideas are developed, tested and utilized are excellently described in this book.

A mere statement of the titles of the various chapters indicates the practical viewpoint from which the problem is approached: Gaining Control Over Voice and Bearing, How to Decide What to Say, What Makes a Speech Successful, Sticking to the Point, How Fact and Opinion Count, Causes and Consequences, How to Avert the Misleadings of Words, How to Express Oneself Tellingly,

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How to Secure Thought-Organization in Committee, How to Use Parliamentary Procedure—these are chapter headings which make one's mind "itch" to know. The chapter on How to Secure Thought-Organization in Committee deserves to be studied by government officials and all persons actively engaged in organizations; it is a gem of concise, scientific, and fruitful reasoning.

Joining in Public Discussion is more than a book. It is a challenge. Succeeding volumes of the Workers' Bookshelf now have a lodestar. They may improve upon this first volume in the series, but they will not dare step beneath its standard. All of which means that workers' education in the United States, although slow in arriving, has now set out upon a course which is destined to become a mighty influence in the future public policy of the nation. We may look forward, not merely to an educated working-class, but to a working-class educated in a sense or a manner which will influence all other forms of education. It does not seem to go beyond the bounds of sober reason to say that this volume is a cornerstone of the future structure of an industrial commonwealth in which the workers shall participate, and in which they shall, in proportion to their intelligence, direct the forces which control their lives. E. C. LINDEMAN.

Bars and Shadows

Bars and Shadows: the Prison Poems of Ralph Chaplin. New York: The Leonard Press. $1.00.

BARS AND SHADOWS is a book that at its best seems to me just to fail of large accent. "At its best" implies a limited number of places. Certain of the sonnets are very fine. Particularly in the sestets of Night in the Cell House and Prison Reveille, there is a lyric sweep that gathers and crumbles with all the futility of a tide, but one knows that a spun light has been flung from the foam, and one hears the beat of echoes despairing in the after-silence. In the finest of the poems there is an exquisite simplicity of feeling. But there is a bitterness and a pity in the eyes that looked on

> The foam-laced splendor of a warm blue sea . . .

I am not concerned with speaking of Chaplin's social ideas, and I leave aside discussion of Scott Nearing's introduction to the book, but it seems undeniable that much of the poorer stuff included in the volume is due to that

> . . . fervor of mind which knows no separation
> 'Twixt simple excitement and pure inspiration

which is the author's. One feels the essential humanity of the man, but one cannot be greatly moved by verse written in moments when passion has deteriorated into mere anger. "But let that pass," as Dekker's Margery would say; it is another voice that whispers

> Her beauty haunts me everywhere,
> A lone lark singing as it flies—

Commanding an adequate technique and the quality of descriptive terseness, possessed of fine feeling, Chaplin at his infrequent best seems just barely to suggest a capability for writing that poetry in which truth is whirled into a poignant flame through the lyrical ecstasy or the brooding intensity of a highly sensitive spirit. G. B. S.

Grover Cleveland

Grover Cleveland: A Study in Political Courage, by Roland Hugins. Washington: The Anchor-Lee Publishing Company. $1.00.

THIS capital little volume is the latest evidence of the growing interest in systematic biography. It is not literature but information. Information is however not merely concisely but incisively conveyed. The personality of Mr. Cleveland impinges upon the reader more convincingly than from many more pretentious volumes and articles. A page of chronology precedes an admirable sketch of fifty pages, marred by inadequate captions. Then follow excerpts from Cleveland's public utterances, including the characteristic address on the Negro, some excellently chosen letters, some less happy anecdotes and estimates and, finally, a short and unannotated bibliography. The book is exceptionally adapted for a short railroad trip and for a textbook. The letter of Mr. Cleveland to his brother as he waited to hear of his election as governor will reveal to almost any reader an unsuspected capacity of tenderness, not only in the writer but in himself. In view of the sub-title, the appraisal of the value of Mr. Cleveland's essential negativism is striking. It is to be hoped that the book will become sufficiently known to insure the other volumes which the author announces in the series of Admirable Americans. The reviewer has ordered a dozen copies for his college's library. A. W. V.

Contributors

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